THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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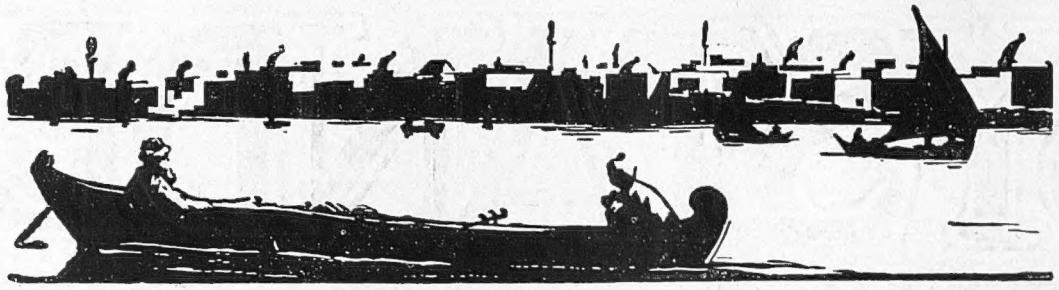

All Good Tobacco is—Good Tobacco

and as such to be honoured. But for exquisiteness of fragrance and flavour, the Turkish leaf, and of this, the Macedonian crop, is paramount.
Yet without the blender's art, even that fine quality must fail of its most exquisite effect. The rarest skill in the mingling of choice leaves of varying character in a palatable harmony gives the delicate aroma and satisfying flavour of

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf

by ALLAN RAMSAY

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DURABILITY combined with a refined appearance. These are the qualities a man looks for in an umbrella, and are two reasons for the popularity of **"ESCORT" UMBRELLAS**, which are manufactured from high grade materials only, and represent the finest umbrella value that sound and careful workmanship can produce.

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All **"Escort" Umbrellas** are on Fox's Frames.

Escort Umbrellas

Obtainable from Stores, Outfitters and Dealers everywhere.

If unable to obtain, write Manufacturers, "Escort" Umbrellas, 8 and 9, Paddington Street, London, W. 1, for name of nearest dealer.

Money can be Saved

IN THESE DAYS OF HIGH PRICES money can be saved by sending your creased and soiled suits to

CLARK'S DYE-WORKS RETFORD

They will return them cleaned and repaired, carriage paid, looking every bit as good as they did the day you bought them.

CLARK'S DYE-WORKS RETFORD.

Ideal Proportions

A tall, slender woman, when she is properly corseted, has that indolent, willowy charm that makes an artist watch her. But wrongly corseted, she so easily loses that sinuous grace and becomes unattractive. If you are tall and slender, the special GOSSARDS designed for you will coax a bit here, supplement a bit there, and give you ideal proportions with unbelievable comfort.

GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSETS

The short slender woman, corseted as she ought to be, has the irresistible appeal of the perfect miniature. Wrongly corseted—you think only of her lack of inches.

GOSSARD BRASSIERES
Like GOSSARD Corsets are designed with scientific exactitude to fit the various types of figures. They give the sustaining comfort of a perfect and natural support.

And so on through the other types; the short, heavy woman, the one large below the waist and the opposite type whose brassieres are her best friends, the curved back, the short waisted—there are special GOSSARDS for all that will accomplish a wonderful improvement with an amazing pliability, and leave the wearer unconscious of support except for a comfortable feeling of well being.

GOSSARDS—the *original* front lacing corsets—are moderately priced and are to be found at the best stores where expert corsetieres will help you to select the models best suited to your needs.

The British H.W. Gossard Co., Ltd., 168, Regent Street, London, W. 1 (Wholesale only)

TORONTO, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, SYDNEY, BUENOS AIRES.

Halcyon Days

Days of Play and Healthy Toil

Here we see Farmer Brown graciously accepting from the youngsters Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, for it is a great favourite alike with old and yourg.

Sold loose by weight at 8d. per ¼-lb.; and in "Baby" Tins 1/3 each, "Tall" Tins 1/3 and 2/6 each, and in 4-lb. "Family" Tins. All the flavours are favourites with everyone, everywhere.

Egg and Cream-de-Luxe.
Cocoanut-de-Luxe.
Café-de-Luxe.
Plain Toffee-de-Luxe.
Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe.
Almond Toffee-de-Luxe.
Mint-de-Luxe.
De-Luxe Assortment.

Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe has the Largest Sale in the World.

MACKINTOSH'S
Toffee-de-Luxe

The Quality Sweetmeat.

℄ P.5.

D. H. Evans & Co Ltd

THE *Twilfit* Regd. CORSET

EVERY PAIR FULLY GUARANTEED.

BEST VALUE CORSET IN THE WORLD.

British Made Throughout.

Every "TWILFIT" Corset carries the guarantee of absolute perfection in fit, style and wear. Purchase price refunded or corsets changed if not to entire satisfaction.

Mention size when ordering Corsets

ALL TWILFIT CORSETS are fitted with Twilfit Spiral Steels.—Rustless and unbreakable. Exclusively a "Twilfit" Feature, they are unobtainable in any other Corset.

Model 1010 B.—Full Figure. **Our Special Reducing Model,** as advertised, with Patented Cross Supports. Fitted with Unbreakable Spiral Steels. In very strong quality Coutil, and with six Hose Supporters. Sizes 22 to 30 ins.

Price, per pair Post free **15/11**

Sizes 31 to 36 ins., Price **17/6**

Model 9743 B. — Average Figure. A sporting shape made from a very strong White Brocade, with silk elastic all round top. Fitted with Spiral Unbreakable Steels and two pairs suspenders. Sizes 20 to 30 ins.

Price, Per Pair Post free **21/6**

Write for Booklet containing illustrations of Newest Models from 9/11 to 59/6. All Corsets and Brassieres sent post free.

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D. H. EVANS & CO. have no connection with any other business trading under the name of EVANS.

RICH CRÊPE DE CHINE

CROSSOVER BLOUSES

AT SPECIAL PRICES.

This attractive Crossover Blouse is adapted from one of the latest Paris Models and is made by our own workers from rich quality crepe de Chine, and is a very graceful and becoming garment.

NEW CROSSOVER BLOUSE (as sketch) in rich quality crepe de Chine, new shaped sleeves, daintily trimmed with fine Guipure lace insertions, finished at side with long sash ends. In Ivory, Champagne, Lemon, and Flesh. In sizes, 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE **42/-**

In Outsize **45/9.**

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Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London.W.

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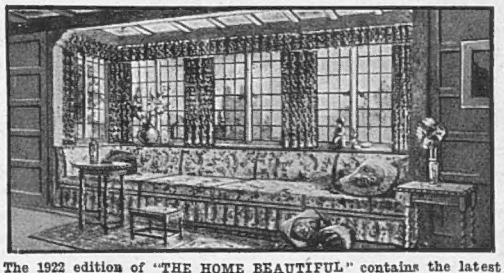

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UNFADABLE FABRICS

WRITE for pattern book of Williamson and Cole's "Sunpruf" Unfadable Fabrics. The most comprehensive range of all known reliable unfadable colours. Infinite variety of textures, designs and colours. **CASEMENT CLOTHS,** from 1/4½ per yd. **TWILLS,** from 3/8 per yd. **REPS,** from 3/11 per yd. **SATIN CLOTHS, FIGURED DAMASKS,** and **POPLINS,** from 7/11 per yd. All Fabrics prefixed with the word "Sun" are guaranteed Unfadable. Any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

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THE LONDON SHOE CO Ltd

SMART and EFFECTIVE

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58/6

Tan Willow Calf Strap Shoe, smart toe, Military heel. Black Box Calf, E.B. 1232, **58/6.** Also Black or Nigger Brown Glace Kid, E.B. 1032, **58/6.** This model can also be supplied in Black, Nigger, Grey, Beige, or White Suede, F.B. 1262, **58/6.**

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55/-
BUCKLES EXTRA.

Patent Leather Greek Shoe. Leather Military heel. Also in Black Glace Kid, fine quality. E.B. 1131, **50/-.** This model can also be supplied in good quality Suede in Nigger, Grey, Black or White F.B. 1422, **63/-.**

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Fancy Brogued Bar Shoe, Ribbon Tie, Louis XV heel, in Nigger or Pale Grey Suede. Also Patent Leather, E.B. 1267, **58/6.** or Best Quality Bronze Kid, F.B. 1269, **58/6.**

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The LONDON SHOE Co Ltd
116 & 117 NEW BOND ST., W.
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LA CORONA
HAVANA

140/-
per **100**
packed in boxes of 100
or **37/6**
per box of **25**

Obtainable Everywhere

Actual Size of Cigar

EVERY MAN'S HAVANA SMOKE

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Open drawn thread-work. Camisole, **4/11**, Knickers, **6/11.**
Sent on approval if desired.

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made up and embroidered either in Irish or Indian work—orders for the former can be carried out by our own workers in Ireland in about fourteen days. Special orders to India take about three months. Prices very moderate.

Illustrated Price List with particulars post free. *'Phone: Regent 924.*

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O'COAT 40/-; SUIT 50/-; LADY'S COSTUME 55/-

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and guaranteed "Just like New" by the Origina and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.
Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.
WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill
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Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

£100 GIFT FOR YOUR BABY

£200 PRIZES

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FINLAY'S PATENTS (adjustable any size)
FREE PRIZES—£100: £50;
Two **£25.** **26** Consolation Prizes.
Every purchaser stands equal chance of winning
Last £100 prize won by Billie Behrendt, 7, Gilt Street, Saltburn.

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(everything for Mother and Baby), Fashion Bulletin, and Patterns of Latest Materials.
SKIRTS from **15/11**, **GOWNS** from **42/-** **CORSETS** from **14/11**
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GEORGE ROBEY'S BOOK
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"One of the best "turns" George has ever done, costing the price of an upper circle seat, and worth a whole row of stalls."—*Daily Graphic.*

"A veritable book of smiles."—*Daily Mirror.*

6/- NET.

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THE sweet and utter abandon of the good-night kiss! Surely, never in the whole day is there a keener, more almost *poignant* appreciation of the helpless dependence of the kiddies than then—when tiny, thrilling, eager fingers pull and turn to gain the position most favourable for the touch of soft, warm lips.

In that ever-new stirring of the sense of responsibility, the knowledge that the children are safely clad in CHILPRUFE is a happy consolation.

'CHILPRUFE' Regd. for CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE safeguards the children completely. It keeps them well and vigorous through all weather and temperature changes, and secures them entirely from all risk of chill.

CHILPRUFE is also made in a SPRING AND SUMMER WEIGHT No. 436, to meet the demands of the warmer weather.

Ask your Draper or write direct for a copy of the Chilprufe Price List. It is beautifully illustrated, and forms a complete guide to the selection of children's undergarments

If unable to obtain Chilprufe, write direct for address of nearest Agent.

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO. (John A. Bolton, Proprietor), LEICESTER.

Regd. Trade Mark.

For Bride, or Bridesmaid, Guest, or Spectator,

Condor Hats are the epitome of Style!

CONDOR HATS,

Produced by—J. & K. CONNOR, LTD.

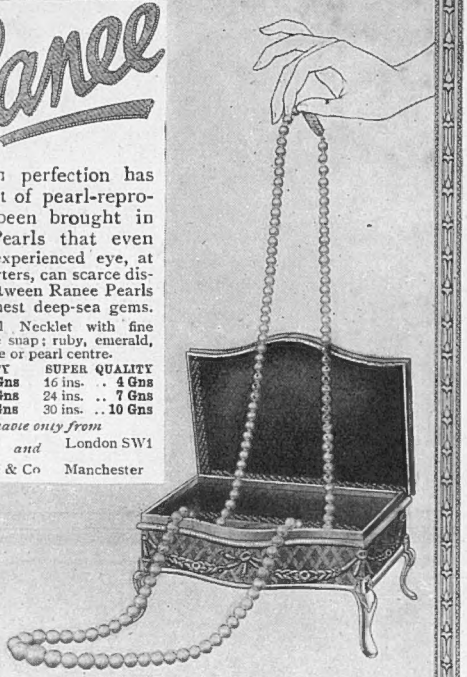
SOLD by Leading Milliners the world over.

For address of Nearest Retailer *Write*—Publicity Dept., 44, Barbican, London, E.C.

Look for the Sign WE SELL Condor HATS

Camera Studies of Miss Dorothy Dickson—by Dorothy Wilding.

Ranee



TO such perfection has the art of pearl-reproduction been brought in Ranee Pearls that even the most experienced eye, at closest quarters, can scarce distinguish between Ranee Pearls and the finest deep-sea gems.

Ranee Pearl Necklet with fine French paste snap; ruby, emerald, sapphire or pearl centre.

'A' QUALITY		SUPER QUALITY	
16 ins. ..	3 Gns	16 ins. ..	4 Gns
24 ins. ..	5 Gns	24 ins. ..	7 Gns
30 ins. ..	7 Gns	30 ins. ..	10 Gns

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Harrods Ltd London SW1 *and*

Kendal Milne & Co Manchester

In Olden Times Goodwives went a-marketing for Fruits & Spices to make their Sauce. To-day they buy Mason's

'O.K.' Sauce

MORE LUSCIOUS THAN EVER

Sanatogen

21,000 Physicians have written this name.

THESE 21,000 representatives of the medical profession, necessarily conservative in their judgment, have endorsed Sanatogen as a great tonic food. They have done this after careful observation of *results*, and in a multitude of instances after *personal test* of the efficacy of Sanatogen as a nerve-helper.

Supplementing this splendid recognition is that of famous men and women in many lands, who have also testified to the splendid benefits they have received from this upbuilding, revitalising tonic food.

DAME CLARA BUTT, D.B.E., the famous Contralto, writes—

"Sanatogen has certainly proved one of the best restoratives I know."

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, the popular Novelist, writes—

"I can give Sanatogen high praise from personal experience."

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, the well-known Author, writes—

"I would not be without Sanatogen under any circumstances."

Such enthusiasm is a natural result of a *natural* help. For Sanatogen's ready assimilation by the impoverished nerve-cells and bodily tissues is *natural*, and the results in new energy, new buoyancy, better sleep, and better appetite are natural proofs of Sanatogen's health-giving properties—a vital suggestion of its benefit to *you*.

Buy a tin of Sanatogen at your nearest Chemist's—prices from 2*s.* 3*d.* to 10*s.* 9*d.* per tin—and take two teaspoonsful twice a day for a few weeks, and note the wonderful improvement in your health.

GENATOSAN, LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

(Late of 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.)

The Value of Traditions

DURING three reigns of the Roval House of England, to which the nation looks with such happy loyalty to-day, the designers of WARNER'S CORSETS have been steadily building up traditions of which they are justly proud.

While always the acknowledged leaders of the present, they are constantly reminded by these traditions that the present will become the past, enabling them to build more truly for the future.

In this lies the true secret of the WARNER supremacy, which is to offer, not only the best interpretation of to-day's needs, but the true anticipation of to-morrow's.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST, BREAK OR TEAR.

MODEL 100	MODEL 0924	MODEL N.95
In rich sateen cloth. For average figures. Low bust, wide elastic inset under arms. Equal to any Two Guinea Model. In White & Blush Pink. sizes 21-30 **21/-**	For very heavy figures. Slightly Empire front, which controls flesh at diaphragm. Very large abdominal pad and wide inset of rubber at lower edge of skirt. Charming silk broché material. Sizes 24-36 **84/-**	A most charming model in beautiful Pink Silk Brocade. Free hip bone, lace at bottom of busk. Ideal for average figures. 6 hose. Sizes 22-32 **56/-**

MODEL E. 302.	MODEL E. 905	MODEL E. 35.
Average figures. Excellent quality and most comfortable corset. Elastic at top, front and back with inset of plain material on hip. Four suspenders. In pink only. Sizes 20-30 **18/11**	A cleverly designed elastic model incorporating the highest skill in corsetry In pink only. Sizes 22-30 **28/6**	All-Elastic Corset with closed back, for average figures. Dainty trimming and strapping over steels. Finished in finest soft pink brocade. Four strong suspenders. Sizes 20-30 **42/-**

Warner's All-Elastic and Semi-Elastic Models with Open or Closed Backs range in price from 12/11 to 3 gns.

In an unequalled range of 120 different styles, to suit all types of figure from maid to matron, at prices from **6/11 to 4 Gns.**

Warner's Corsets are designed in closest co-operation with the World's Leading Modistes, who at every proposed Fashion change rely on the WARNER designers to create the figure-lines desired. Famous Dress Houses insist that the corset chosen by their clients should be a WARNER'S.

Write for the most beautifully Illustrated Corset Brochure ever issued, post free, together with address of nearest agent.

OF ALL HOUSES OF PRESTIGE.

THE WARNER CORSET CO.
(Wholesale only)
76 WOOD STREET, E.C. 2.

The Right Face Cream for You

YOU would not wear the same hat, colour and styles as other women. You would not do so because you are different. Your features, your colouring and other individual characteristics are unlike those of other women.

That is why the *right Face Cream for you* is so unlikely to be the same as used by other women.

Most women try this, that, and the other Face Cream without ever finding their right Cream.

Comparatively few even of those who know how to choose the hat, colour, and style that suits them know *how* to choose their right Face Cream.

This question of the right Face Cream is one of the most difficult of all questions in every woman's toilet. Her hats she can try on and note the immediate effect. Her Face Creams she purchases and tries one after another in the hope of finding the one that really suits her.

Friends who would never think of recommending their own style hats, colours, and styles to other women will nevertheless recommend *their* face creams to other women.

Is it any wonder that so many women age so prematurely?

The RIGHT Face Cream for you—with the RIGHT massage—will transform a prematurely aged-looking face as shown in these diagrams.

A PROPOSAL TO EVERY WOMAN

This question of *the right Face Cream for every woman* is now being solved to the complete satisfaction of many.

The particulars of the right Face Cream for YOU await you at any of the Phyllis Earle addresses you will see in the accompanying list.

At all these addresses there are ladies in charge who have taken a course of training at the London Institute of Beauty Culture, followed by a practice course at the Famous Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, London.

All these ladies are qualified by their training and practice to give really expert advice in regard to the right Face Cream for everyone. Further, these Phyllis Earle Practitioners demonstrate their Professional knowledge and ability by giving a Face Massage with the selected right Face Cream, or Creams (some Skins and Complexions require two different-purpose Creams)

It is even more than a case of the right Face Cream or Creams. The Face Massage itself is very important, too, where different corrective results are desired, as with such widely varying conditions as—

—Oily or Dry Skin.
—Colourless or Over-Coloured Skin
—Shallow or Deep Lines and Wrinkles.
—Contracted or Relaxed Features.

All these—and many other—Skin and Complexion faults call for differently applied Facial Massage. Here, then, is where the highly trained and qualified Phyllis Earle Practitioner is so helpful. SHE KNOWS.

Because the Phyllis Earle Practitioners KNOW their professional work as a doctor or dentist knows his, ladies in ever-increasing numbers are visiting the Phyllis Earle Departments at the listed well-known ladies' hairdressing establishments, and at the Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté in London.

A visit to a Phyllis Earle Practitioner for a Manicure or a Face Massage affords readers the opportunity of learning something to the advantage of their personal appearance without fee or obligation of any kind. And the answer to this question of *the right Face Cream* and how to care for the skin and complexion is really much more *lastingly* important to a woman than any *briefly* worn hat or style.

GRATIS TO READERS

A Phyllis Earle Booklet No. 47 dealing with this question of the Right Face Cream and the Expert Care of the Skin and Complexion is obtainable gratis, and will be sent post free to any reader who sends 2d. stamps to

THE PHYLLIS EARLE INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ

Manicure, Face Massage. Electrolys's and All Skin, Complexion and Hair Treatments at Moderate Charges, by Qualified Lady Graduates of the London Institute of Beauty Culture

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W. J. GREATREX, 2 Victoria Place.

BRADFORD—
A. FASNACHT, 15 North Parade.

CARDIFF—
ROBERT LANE, Duke Street.

HULL—
SWALLOW & BARRY, 24 George Street.

NORWICH—
MADAME PFOB, 2 Royal Arcade.

WORTHING—
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YORK—
SWALLOW & BARRY, 26 Stonegate.

BELFAST—
F. HOFFMAN, 47 High Street.

GLASGOW—
MARY LONDON, 7 Sandyford Place, Sauchiehall Street.
R. SHELDON BAMBER, Charing Cross Mansions.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—
MADAME CORRANCE, 74-77 Sackes Buildings, Jobbert Street.

Qualified Phyllis Earle Practitioners at all above.

Are you ashamed of your Ankles?

Heavy unshapely ankles can now be re-moulded into lines of grace and slimness and improved beyond question in three weeks by the new

MALLON TREATMENT

All social festivities that require short frocks, dainty hose and footwear, call for

SLIM ANKLES

Acquire them now and enjoy your dances this winter to the utmost. Treatment lasts three weeks and costs only 7/6 complete, post free and plainly packed with detailed instructions. Order with remittance to

MALLON PROPRIETORIES (Dept. B), Premier House, Southampton Row, W.C.

THE "MALLON" TREATMENT—for Dainty Ankles—remoulds heavy ungainly ankles into lines of grace and slimness quickly and with certainty in the privacy of your own home. The treatment is not injurious to the most tender skin, will not cause wrinkling, and contains ingredients previously used independently in professional practice combined by a specialist's formula. Applied externally it removes the cause of heavy ankle formation, rapidly, painlessly, and without stain or harm.

INEXPENSIVE
GOWNS
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

ADAPTED from the newest Paris models that have been designed for early Spring wear, and made on the premises from high-grade materials that we can recommend with the utmost confidence.

Becoming FROCK with simple bodice of satin and well-cut skirt of same with frills of Gabardine. In Navy, Nigger, and Black.

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BLUE CAP
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All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years

WASHING SPUN CREPE TAILOR SHIRTS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

The value of these shirts is quite extraordinary and at the price at which they are offered for sale is considerably below the present market value. These shirts are perfectly tailored and are cut on full lines, and made in spun crepe in four different designs on Cream grounds with coloured stripes, which can be thoroughly recommended for its excellent wearing and washing qualities.

WELL TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch) in good quality washing spun crepe on cream grounds with coloured stripes, well-fitting collar and revers fastening with two pearl buttons. In Navy, Saxe, Cherry, Green, Pink, Mauve, and Black. In sizes 13 to 15 inches.

SPECIAL PRICE
20/-
To-day's value **39/6**

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

Wilkinson

NAVAL
MILITARY
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TAILORING

RIDING BREECHES

Wilkinson's world-renowned Breeches are cut and tailored by experts. Fitting perfectly, they give comfort in every position—riding, standing, or walking; they retain their distinction of cut to the end, and ensure the utmost durability.

An impression on brown paper is taken of all garments for future reference. This will specially appeal to country gentlemen and those living abroad, thus obviating a fit-on for future orders.

Self-measurement forms, tape and patterns sent on request.

Specialists in
BREECHES, JODHPURS, COLONIAL OUTFITS, COURT and EVENING DRESS.

Ex-Service men are employed in our own workshops.

The WILKINSON SWORD Co., Ltd.,
(T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director)
53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.
Established 1772

NEW & ATTRACTIVE HATS
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR.

Tricon Hat in liseret straw trimmed soft French coque mount to match. In Brown, Navy and Black. *Price* 79/6

This Hat is to be found in our Model Salon on the 1st floor.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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Miss Courvoisier

TO GREET YOU.

Ess Viotto for the Hands
(Courvoisier's)
2/6, 4/9, 6/9 per bottle.

Ess Viotto Soap
(Courvoisier's)
Visitor's Size, 2/6 per box; Bath Size, 6/- per box.

C.C. Perfumes
(Courvoisier's)
(Without Spirit) 3/9, 10/6, 20/- per vial.

Omar Khayyam Perfume
(Courvoisier's)
3/6, 6/3, 11/3, 22/6, 42/- per bottle.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

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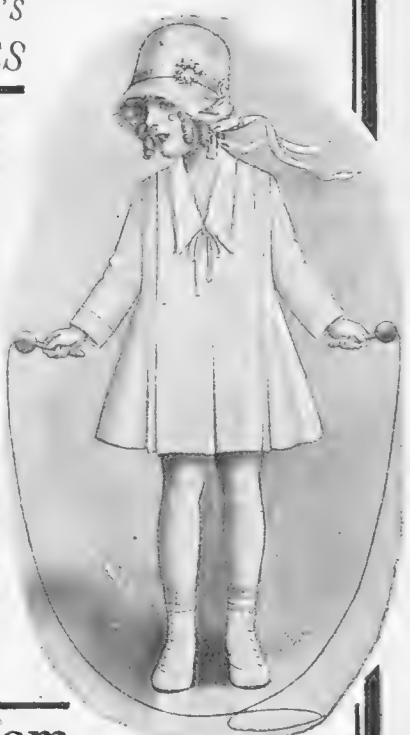

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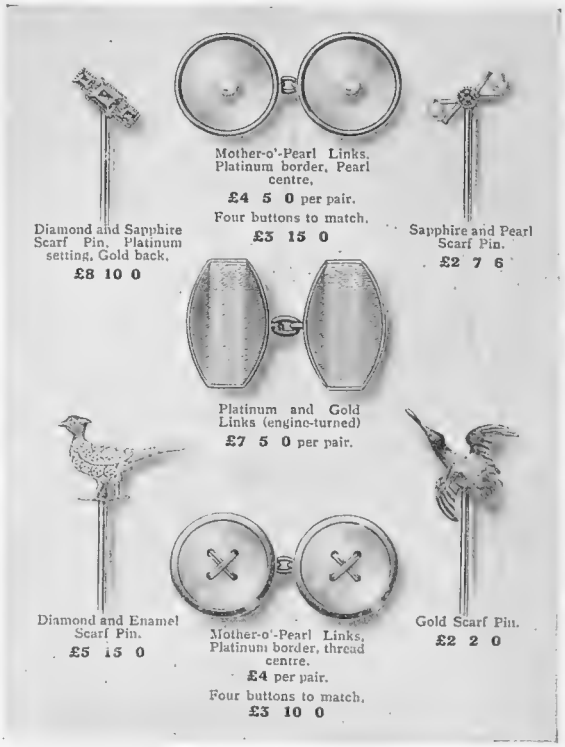

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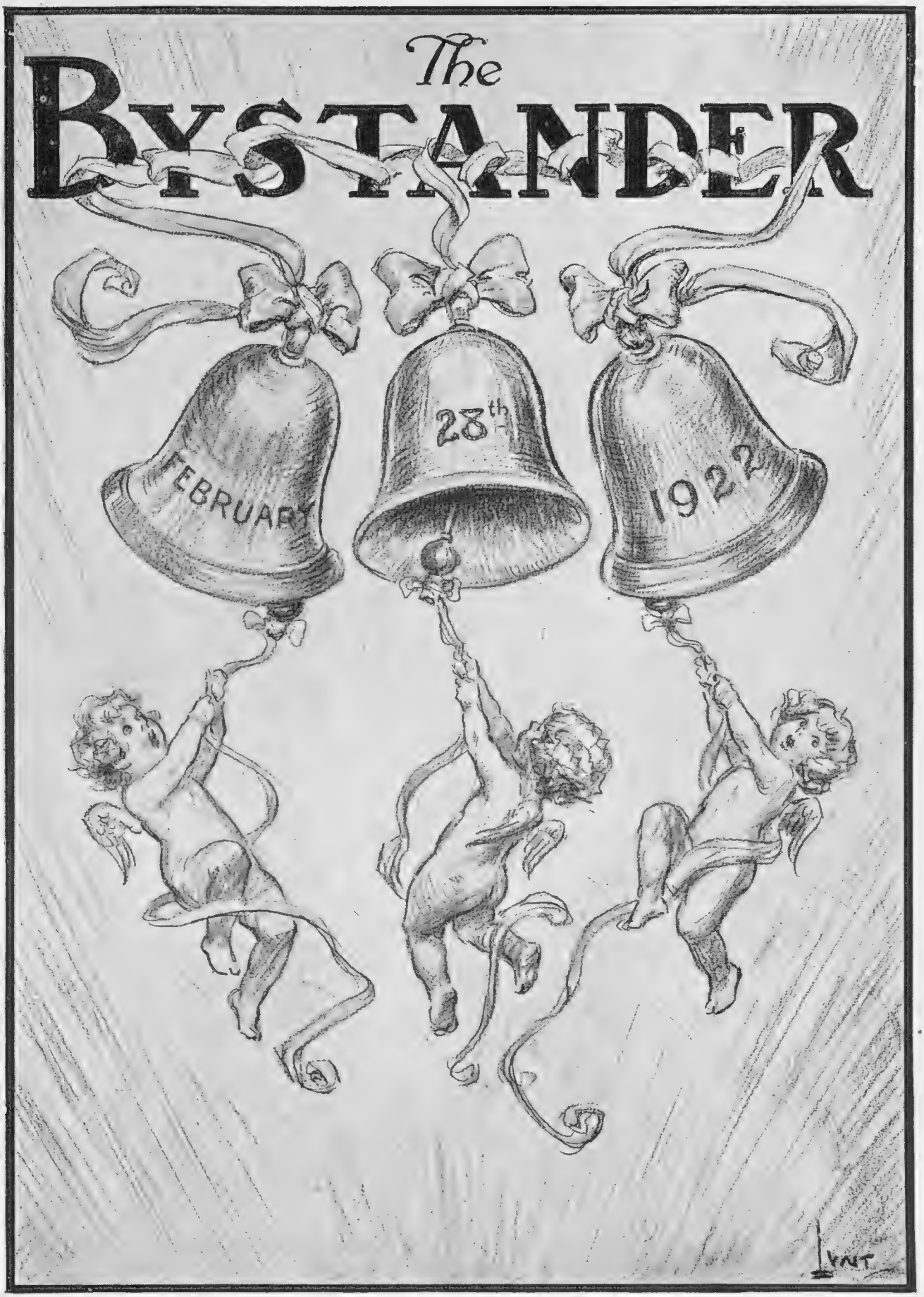

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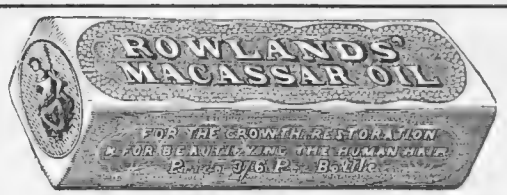

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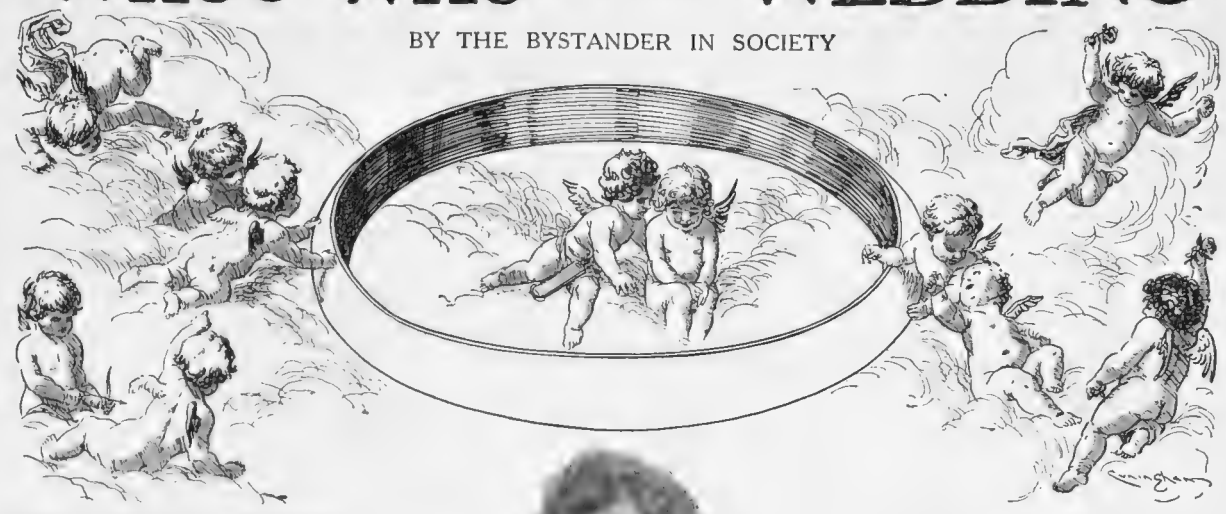
WHO'S WHO AT THE WEDDING

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



Photograph *Vandyk*

Queen Alexandra's Memories

To no one in the crowded Abbey could the marriage of Princess Mary bring so many memories of other Royal marriages as to Queen Alexandra. Yet in the fifty-nine years which have elapsed since her own marriage at St. George's Chapel, Windsor—with Queen Victoria looking down from the Royal pew in the chancel, the bright blue of the Garter the only touch of colour in her deep widow's mourning—there has only been another Royal wedding in Westminster Abbey. This was the wedding of Lady Patricia Ramsay, then Princess Patricia of Connaught.

What a vista of time is covered by Queen Alexandra's recollections of the wedding days of her own children and other members of the Royal family gathered round her at the Abbey!

Three years after her own marriage, Princess Christian—then known as Princess Helena and the devoted companion with her sister, Princess Alice, of their mother Queen Victoria's early years of crushing widowhood—was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, two Duchies in Queen Alexandra's own country, Denmark. When the two Duchies were torn from Denmark by Prussia a close bond of sympathy sprang up between Queen Alexandra and her brother-in-law, since both had been despoiled by the all-devouring Prussia. Five years later came the marriage of Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne (afterwards Duke of Argyll), a marriage which made history, for it was the first time since the reign of Henry VIII that the daughter of an English monarch had married a man of non-Royal birth.

Fifty years ago the Germanic rule that Royalty might only mate with Royalty was so generally accepted that when the announcement of Queen Victoria's assent to the marriage was made known it was, at first, received with surprise and incredulity. But then, as now, the country had a deeply sympathetic response to the sweeping-away of a cast-iron and often cruel code. Of the marriages of all Queen Victoria's daughters, Princess Louise's was the most popular. It took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and it is interesting to contrast the Royal bride's procession then with that of her great-niece in the Abbey. "Then followed another long delay," wrote one who took part in the ceremony, "this time rather a trying one, until at length the bride, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII), and her uncle, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg, appeared at the grand entrance, and slowly walked up towards the altar. . . . The whole scene was superb, full of pomp, music, pageantry, and sunshine." Of the going away the same spectator writes: "At four the newly wedded pair left the Castle for Claremont under a shower of rice, satin shoes, and a new broom that John Brown, in Highland fashion, threw after their carriage as it left the quadrangle for the station."

A Note of Sadness

Another ten years passed by before the marriage of Queen Victoria's youngest son, the Duke of Albany, to the Princess Helen of Waldeck and Pyrmont and sister to the then Queen Consort of Holland. Here a note of sadness creeps in. Two years after the marriage the Duke died, and his posthumous son became Duke of Albany from his birth. His uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, had succeeded to the Grand-Duchy of Saxe-Coburg as the son of the Prince Consort, a Saxe-Coburg prince. On the tragic death of the Duke of Edinburgh and his son, the Duke of Connaught was the next heir,

Photograph *Alice Hughes*

THE PRINCESS ROYAL

Duchess of Fife, His Majesty's eldest sister and aunt to Princess Mary

but he renounced the succession for himself and Prince Arthur, so it passed to the young Duke of Albany.

In those days it seemed a happy stroke of fortune for a Prince whose appanage in England could scarcely be adequate for the expenses of his position, but now the War has severed him from his family and the land of his birth—a tragedy that rouses everybody's sympathy for the Duchess of Albany.

The Romance of the Battenbergs

THE next wedding in the Royal family took place at Whippingham Church, in the Isle of Wight, in 1885, when Princess Beatrice was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg. No romance in a novel ever equalled the history of the three handsome Battenberg Princes—Louis, Alexander, and Henry. The sons of the morganatic marriage of Prince Alexander of Hesse with the Countess von Hauke (created Princess of Battenberg by the Grand Duke of Hesse) there seemed no future for them beyond the somewhat invidious position occupied by the morganatic children of Royalty in Germany. But the eldest son, Prince Louis, afterwards Marquis of Milford Haven, married a Princess of Hesse and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, became a British Admiral,

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE

A cousin of Princess Mary and the youngest daughter of the Princess Royal, who will be one of the seven bridesmaids

Photograph *Bertram Park*

LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH

The fourth daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who is another bridesmaid

Photograph *Vandyk*

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE

A second cousin of Princess Mary's and a daughter of the Duchess of Albany. She married the Earl of Athlone in 1904

Photograph *Speaight*

LADY VICTORIA MARY CAMBRIDGE

The eldest daughter of the Marquis of Cambridge and a bridesmaid

Photograph *Bertram Park*

LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX

Who will be a bridesmaid to the Princess, is the youngest daughter of the Earl of March

and by his prompt mobilisation of the Fleet in July, 1914, changed the history of the War. Alexander became Prince of Bulgaria, and Henry the husband of Queen Victoria's youngest and favourite daughter. The three Battenberg Princes were objects of Bismarck's special hatred chiefly because they were regarded with great affection by Queen Victoria.

The Second Generation

IN the next decade Queen Alexandra saw the marriages of the second generation of Queen Victoria's descendants. First came the marriage of her own daughter,

Photograph *Vanayk*

THE QUEEN MOTHER

Princess Mary's grandmother, Queen Alexandra, who will, of course, be at the wedding of the King's first child to be married

Photograph *Vandyk*

THE EARL OF ATHLONE'S DAUGHTER

Lady May Cambridge is a cousin of the Princess and will be one of the bridesmaids

the Princess Royal, to the Earl of Fife, who was created a Duke at the wedding breakfast. Then came the union, afterwards dissolved, of Princess Christian's second daughter, Princess Marie Louise, to Prince Aribert of Anhalt, followed two years later by the high state and pomp of the King and Queen's marriage at St. James's Palace. The next year was marked by another break with the old tradition that Royalty might only mate with Royalty when Queen Mary's brother, then Prince Adolphus of Teck married Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the late Duke of Westminster. They became Duke and Duchess of Teck on the death of Queen Mary's father, but like other members of the Royal

Photograph *Lafayette, Ltd.*

THE COUNTESS TORBY

The wife of the Grand Duke Michael, and a morganatic daughter of a former Duke of Nassau; and a granddaughter of Pushkin, the poet

Photograph *Russell, London*

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY

A second cousin to the Princess

family bearing German titles, they renounced the princely rank and style and became Marquis and Marchioness of Cambridge. Their daughter, Lady Helena Cambridge, married Major John Gibbs two years ago.

Exactly ten years later Lord Cambridge's younger brother, then Prince Alexander of Teck, and now Earl of Athlone, married the Duchess of Albany's only daughter, Princess Alice. During the War Princess Beatrice's eldest son, the Marquis of Carisbrooke, married Lady Irene Denison, the sister of the Earl of Londesborough. Last comes the wedding of Lady Patricia Ramsay, three years ago, also in the Abbey, and also on a February day.

It is, indeed, a memorable vista of social history.

The Grand Duchess George of Russia, the sister of King Constantine of Greece, who has made her home in England for so long, returned especially from abroad for the wedding. Her daughter, Princess Xenia, it will be remembered, married the son of the *richissime* Mrs. Leeds, now Princess Christopher of Greece, some little time ago. The Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven—the latter so well known in London as Countess Nadejda Torby when she lived with her father and mother, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby—at Ken Wood—came up from Southsea with the Dowager Marchioness, whose likeness to her mother, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, is so striking. Lord Milford Haven, like his father, is a keen sailor, and is now stationed at Portsmouth.

Amongst the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps Madame Merry del Val, the Spanish Ambassadress, and the Comtesse de St. Aulaire, the French Ambassadress, and Baroness Moncheur, wife of the Belgian Minister, were specially noticeable.

Photograph *Vandyk*

THE BEST MAN

Sir Victor Mackenzie, D.S.O., who will act as Viscount Lascelles' best man, is the third baronet, and a major in the Scots Guards

Photograph *G. P. U.*

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

The beautiful wife of the first Marquess and the daughter of the second Earl of Londesborough, who will be at the Abbey and the subsequent reception

The Clan Lascelles

NEVER was there such a gathering of the Lascelles family and its many relations. You would need many pages of Debrett to give them all. First there were Lord Lascelles' brother, the Hon. Edward Lascelles, and his wife, a daughter of the late Eustace and Lady Frances Balfour, and so niece to Mr. Arthur Balfour and Princess Louise; then Lord Lascelles' only sister, Viscountess Boyne. Next, two Lascelles uncles, the Hon. Frederick and the Hon. Gerald, with the latter's daughter, Lady Poltimore, followed by four half-uncles, the Honourables Edwin, George, William, and Francis Lascelles. For aunts there were the Countess of Desart and Lady Wenlock, Lord Harewood's sisters; and for great-aunts the Countess of Wharncliffe and Lady George Hamilton.

On Lady Harewood's side were all the Bradford relations, including the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Sefton, and Lady Beatrice Pretyman. With all these came sons and daughters and Lascelles "collaterals" of all ranks

Photograph

THE PILGRIMS

The Pilgrims had the honour of entertaining Mr. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Balfour, Lord Desborough,

Photograph *Lafayette*

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL

A cousin of the late Czar who will, with the Countess Torby, be at the wedding.

Farringdon Photo Co.

ENTERTAIN MR. BALFOUR

Balfour after his return to England. From left to right: the Duke of York, and Lord Lee of Fareham

and conditions. Princess Mary by her marriage will find herself an "in-law" in one degree or another to half the peerage.

Lady "Feo" Gleichen

THE death of Lady Feodora Gleichen—affectionately known to her many friends as Lady Feo — on the eve of the Royal wedding was at once a sad shock and a great loss. Until 1917, Lady Feodora and her sister and brother were known as Countess Feodora, Countess Helena, and Count Gleichen. Their younger sister, Countess Valda, had adopted the style of Lady Valda when she married Lieut-Colonel Machell. In that year of great changes they were given the rank of a Marquis's children, but retained their German name. The brother, Lord Edward Gleichen, married Miss Sylvia Edwards one of Queen Alexandra's maids of honour.

They were the grand-children of that favourite step-sister of Queen Victoria, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Their father, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, was a British Admiral, and married the daughter of another British admiral, Sir George Seymour, and sister to the fifth Marquis of Hertford.

Lady Feodora was a sculptor and painter of no little merit. Music, too, interested her deeply, and she was one of the earliest admirers of Dame Ethel Smythe. She was a close friend, too, of Margaret, Ranee of Sarawak, and before the War always spent part of the winter at the Ranee's beautiful villa near Genoa. Lady Feodora and her sister lived in the apartment on the ground floor of Engine Court in St. James's Palace given by Queen Victoria to their mother.

The Royal Parties

LADY FEODORA'S illness caused the *venue* of the parties given by the King and Queen to be changed from St. James's to Buckingham Palace. This meant that practically only the jewels could be seen as there was not time for the bulkier wedding presents to be moved, but it certainly gave more splendour to the gatherings, especially to the evening parties, as St. James's Palace is rather cramped.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE GUARD OF HONOUR

This is composed of the 'A' Squadron of Yorkshire Hussars, of which Viscount Lascelles is the officer in command. They will form the special guard outside the Abbey

Photograph *Bassano*

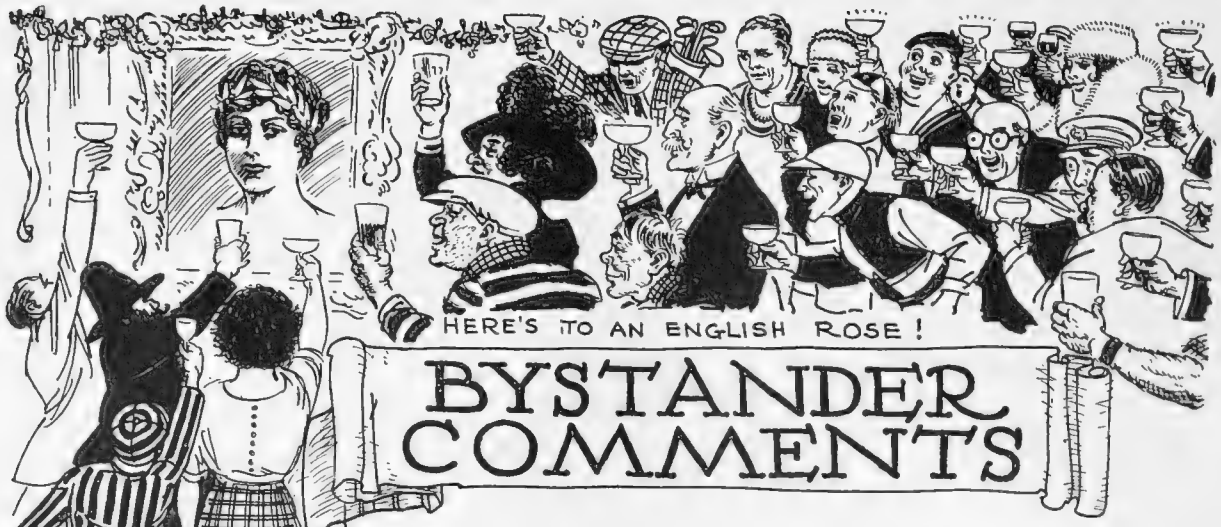
PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE

Who is a distinguished patroness of the Wedding Ball at the Albert Hall on Tuesday

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS EDWINA ASHLEY

And Lord Louis Mountbatten whose engagement, rumour has it, is to be announced shortly. Miss Ashley was left a large fortune by the late Sir Ernest Cassel, to whom she was related



BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Here's to the maiden who
is England's boast;
All together let us
drink the toast.
Raise your glasses as the red wine flows;
The toast is: "England—and an English rose!"

Love and Loyalty

I SUPPOSE the most patriotic among us has been a little bewildered at the extraordinary outburst of love and loyalty to our Princess on the occasion of her marriage. Yet the reason is not far to seek. Our national pride has been stirred by this essentially national festival. Here are no foreign potentates or princes with impossible names to prance about in the limelight. We have got the field to ourselves, and mighty pleased we are, to be sure.

A Coming Reaction

THIS "England for the English" movement has been developing at a rapid rate and its roots have struck more deeply than many people imagine. We are through with the old humbugging nonsense which forced a musician of British birth to change his name before he could get a hearing on a concert platform. We are beginning to look askance at these clever people with foreign faces and foreign names who yet claim British birth and parentage. They rule us, they entertain us, and they hold us in a financial net of their weaving, but the reaction is coming, and to-day's wedding of a typical English girl to a typical English country gentleman is one of the most significant things that have yet happened.

Our National Pride

THERE are signs, indeed, that our national pride has been given such an impetus by this wedding we are celebrating to-day, that it will break into fuller flower than we have known since the spacious days of Elizabeth. Our War-wounds are healing, and its animosities are dying down. As we forget to hate our enemies we shall remember to love our country and to appreciate the great heritage which the heroism of our countrymen has consolidated. These things were inevitable, but we may surely thank our Princess for making them so apparent that their significance is obvious to us all.

A Study in Sentiment

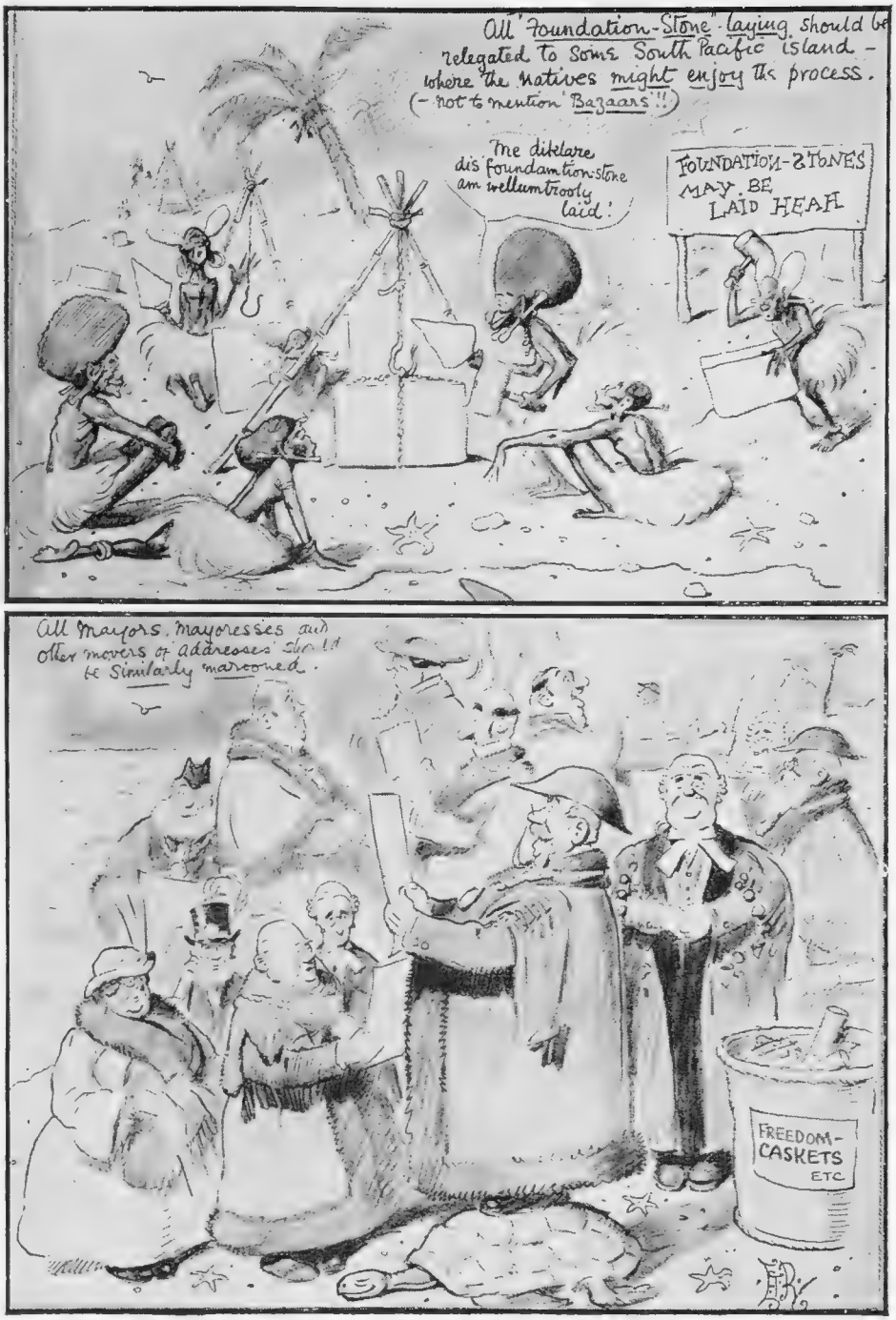
THERE are blood-thirsty folk who think that national sentiment can only be kept alive by quarrelling with other nations. National sentiment, it is true, responds to "the sound of the pibroch, the marching of men," but that is a very forced affair at best, corresponding to the good fellowship that is bred in a bar, or after a late sitting round the dinner table. It is one thing to be ready to fight for hearth and home, but quite another to be itching for a brawl at every street corner. Princess Mary's wedding has provided more genuine sentiment to the square inch than the challenge of Kaiser Wilhelm and all his Uhlans produced on any one acre of English soil. In the matter of sentiment, an English maid has got Armageddon beaten to a frazzle.

So long as England's roses bloom
And England's maids are fair,
Her walls of white shall be her might,
Her sons shall do and dare.
For hearts as bold as those of old
Are bred by moor and tor;
And English maids and English glades
Are worth the fighting for!

Revising Romance

BUT we must re-adjust our ideas on the subject of romance. Formerly, the heroine of our fairy stories was always a kitchen wench, who only married her Prince after incredible privations. Cinderella was like that, "Merely Mary Ann" was like that, and "Sally" is carrying on the old tradition at the Winter Garden Theatre. This mustn't go on! No theatrical manager who is worth his salt can close his eyes to the portents of the times. If the stage is really a mirror held up to Nature, as it claims to be, our heroine must start life in the purple, and our hero must rise on stepping stones through three glorious acts to claim his lady's royal heart and hand as the final curtain falls.

The stories that we know, Princess,
Set forth in simple rhyme.
Were suitable for other days
And not the present time.
We'll build our fairy tales, Princess,
Upon a different plan,
And let the leading lady wed
Her Cinderella Man.



By E. T. Reed

IMPERATIVE REFORMS FOR THE RELIEF OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

What *is* the good of our loyally and heartily wishing Royalty "all happiness" so long as nothing is done to alleviate the horrors of their ceremonial routine

A Society Cinema

THE new society cinema which is being planned by the brother of Lord Lascelles and other prominent folk promises an interesting innovation. During the winter months, nothing but bright and sunny scenes will be thrown on the screen, while the summer programmes will be taken from cold storage with all their ice and snow intact. It will be interesting to see how far the newspapers and magazines adopt the new idea. Will Christmas annuals and Xmas 'Xtras be filled with pictures of Goodwood and the Theatrical Garden Party, and, if they are, will the sunshine make us warm or will the ladies' summer frocks make us shiver? As all Christmas numbers are now prepared for the Press during the summer months, it would be a great convenience if they could deal with summery subjects.

Unfair Fares

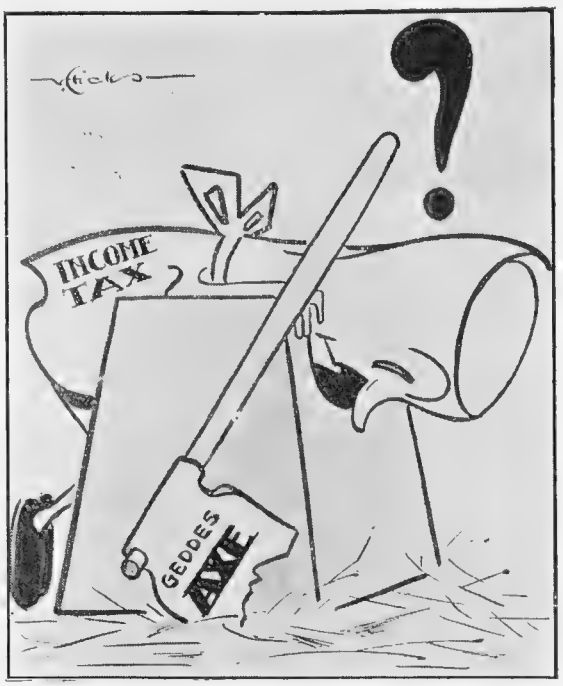
THE railways are talking round the subject of reduced freight rates and the sooner they turn their attention to human freightage and its transport, the better. Passenger fares remain ridiculously high in a world of falling prices, and the empty first-class carriages carried on crowded trains constitute a a public nuisance. Quite nice people like you and me now travel third class, and we have a right to claim more consideration at the hands of the companies. Standard carriages for the present standard age

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

coupled to a fair, flat rate seems to be indicated, and if there remains a snob who objects to mixing with his fellows, I suggest that he travels on the roof where he can enjoy his splendid isolation—until he comes to a tunnel.

To Cambrai by Cattle Truck

QUITE seriously, I would suggest that the age of invidious distinction between the classes has passed, and that the first-class carriage is an anachronism. This sounds frightfully Bolshevistic, of course, and *quite* out of keeping with the policy of a high-class weekly like THE BYSTANDER, but when you have done a few journeys from Amiens to Cambrai in a cattle truck, you are apt to look at things from a slightly different angle. And, anyway, as the first-class carriages are admittedly empty, I am only emphasising a point which the travelling public has already established.



By Victor Hicks

WHEN WILL THE EXECUTION TAKE PLACE?

A Dangerous Precedent

IT seems to have been established that if people can be induced to eat an egg it is, therefore, a good egg and not only "good in parts." The precedent is a rather dangerous one. At this rate, a lie will cease to be a lie so soon as it is believed, and the test of a faked balance-sheet will be the amount of credulity it extracts from an unwary public. If you can convince your tailor that he will be paid, why, then, he is as good as paid already. I see in all this the first real step forward in the Brighter London campaign, and I anticipate, further, that fishermen are in for a splendid season. If they can hold their hands far enough apart when illustrating the size of the catch, all records will be broken!

The Importance of Being Puddefoot

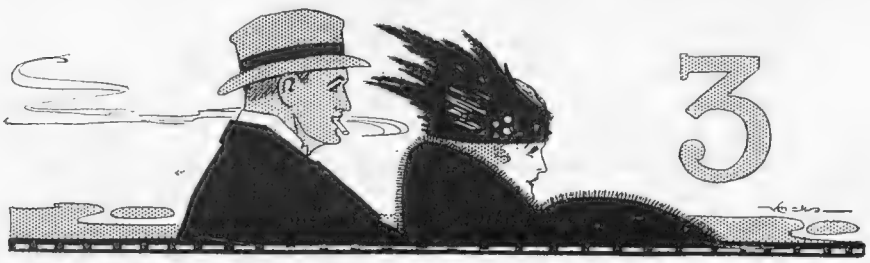
WE have just passed one of the most significant milestones in our island story, but very few people seem to have been writing home about it. "Recruiting has been stopped for the Navy." I watched a man reading this simple statement in the tube, but he showed no concern at all. Instead, his eye passed leisurely across the page until it was arrested by the sensational tidings that Puddefoot had been transferred from West Ham to Falkirk! Then he *did* sit up and take notice. Mind you, I don't intend to cast any reflection on the importance of Mr. Puddefoot. Not at all. He is a very worthy person in his particular sphere, and I count the shilling expended on viewing his wizardry extraordinarily well spent. But how Drake and Nelson must be turning in their honoured tombs over this early effect of the Washington Conference!

What of Dickens?

PASSING through Westminster Abbey recently I found that fresh flowers had been placed on the grave of Charles Dickens, and I was tempted to speculate on the place which the great novelist holds in the heart of the present generation. Do the young folk care for him—apart from the stage version of *The Only Way*—or is he doomed to pass into the limbo of forgotten authors? Should any of my readers feel the pangs of conscience stirring in this connection, I would advise them to spend a moment reading Bret Harte's tribute, *Dickens in Camp*, which would surely be the ideal foreword to a collected edition of the master's works.

A Touching Incident

THOSE who have not been reading in *The Graphic* the reminiscences of Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the Metropolitan Police Magistrate, ought to lose no time in doing so, for they are of intense human interest. In the instalment in last week's issue, Mr. Cairns relates a touching incident which occurred in a Children's Court. A little boy of seven, the son of a soldier who had fallen in Flanders, was charged with wandering, and, in order that investigations might be made, was remanded for a week. When he reappeared in Court, the police had brought also his sister, younger than he. She was a forlorn little soul. "The little man," Mr. Cairns says, "edged closer and closer and closer till he got beside her, and then he put a little arm around her waist, and kissed her on the cheek. It was the most chivalrous thing I ever saw, and I confess I had to keep my head down to hide the emotion I felt."



By Victor Hicks

QUITE NICE PEOPLE . . . NOW TRAVEL THIRD CLASS

The WEDDING BALL

Some of the Committee and Organisers of the Great Wedding Ball to-night (Tuesday) at the Albert Hall

Photographs
THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT

Malcolm Arbuthnot
LADY LAVERY

Photograph] THE COMMITTEE FOR THE WEDDING BALL *[Sport and General*

A group of the distinguished Committee who are responsible for the Albert Hall affair to-night (Tuesday). BACK ROW (*left to right*): Miss Enid Wareham Smith, Lord Terrington, Sir Herbert Morgan, Lady Shifner. FRONT ROW (*left to right*): Lady (Walter) Gibbons, Mrs. Edgar de Mocatta, Lady Maitland, Lady Terrington, and Mrs. Simon Brand

Among that Cheering Wedding Throng

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Lord Lascelles will possibly notice a friend of long ago, for he will be there

The Riviera Week by Week

BY DUNCE-SCOTUS

POLO AT CANNES

At the Cote d'Azur Polo Club last week the semi-finals of the Ogden Cup Tournament were played, and the Heronville team, captained by Mr. Earl Hopping, the International player, was successful in winning the final. From left to right are the Heronville four: Captain R. R. Smart, No. 2; Mr. R. Bamberger, No. 1; Mr. Earl Hopping, No. 3; and Mr. A. Grisar, back

AT THE COTE D'AZUR CLUB

Polo has been played a great deal recently, as the weather has been consistently fine on the Riviera Watching the polo will be seen (left to right): Colonel McNeill, Mrs. Hemmerde, Sir Ernest Horlick and Major H. E. Lyons

THE Editor specially reminds me that March 1 is THE BYSTANDER Wedding Number. Oh, Lord! what a compleat dunce and incompleat angler I feel! Where to fish for ideas! What the blue blazes does he want me to say? Nothing blasphemous—only Good Heavens—for it is always blazing blue here, Cambridge blue by day and Oxford blue by night. Perhaps I ought to say that the Riviera is emptying fast—everyone returning for the wedding. Not at all! We are rather afraid the wedding may have to be postponed, so many great people are arriving here by every train for a real holiday and sunbath. Anyway, everyone is thinking of the marriage a lot, and we are full of good wishes for them and longing to see them here on their way back from Florence, for a long stay.

I USED to stay with cousins of the bridegroom near Harewood, and lunched there and enjoyed the old-world gardens. It is a rare fine bit of English country up there, so rich and green and undulating. I especially recollect the beauty of the thoroughbred foals in many of the fields round, and the charm of the streams, where the kingfisher was by no means rare. They were mad about lawn tennis in all country houses there before Viscount Lascelles was born. I stayed also with Mr. Hartley in Bedale—the Parson (who was champion for three years before the Renshaws), who had married a Lascelles. What velvet grass courts he kept (largely himself)! We used to call those salad days the "roaring 'eighties," when we could dance all night and play championship tennis all day.

Photographs *E. Navello*

WAITING TO DRIVE OFF

Mr. M. P. Russell, Lord Whitburgh and Major E. Bidwell on the links at Mont Agel

I LOVE a late night occasionally still. At the Travellers' Club in Paris, I recollect meeting Lord Lascelles some years before the War. The fines in those days were pretty high after 3 a.m. On one occasion one of a bridge party I remember was an Austrian big-game shooter, who had also killed several men in notorious duels and afterwards committed suicide. He told me he was haunted by them at times. How interesting the international atmosphere there was. The most apparently delightful game of bridge might suddenly end in a duel—a real fight full of deadly hate. I have recently met several inveterate duellists of those old days at Monte Carlo, where they lamented to me the decadence of that ancient school of manners since the War! It had its uses, to my mind, which, perhaps, overweighed the notorious abuses.

DANCING teas are very pleasant at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant of the Metropole Hotel at Monte Carlo, where the lighting, as well as the service, is very well done. Mr. and Mrs. Holland collected a lot of friends there on February 17, including Lady Walsingham, Major-General Hemming, Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Viscomtesse des Garets. The Deauville *chef*, with his fabulous salary, is also a great draw there. At tea there to-day I was told by my left-hand neighbour that one of our many popular admirals here was sinking—a thing they have to do at times—but my right-hand neighbour was his doctor, who had just seen him sinking a very fine steak and a pint of champagne! I wish I were a judge of *frou-frou*. I went on to the Casino, and in the large room of the Cercle Privé enjoyed a topping rat hunt. All the smartest women

screamed and fainted in their favourite *croupiers* arms if one was handy or jumped on the tables, and pulled up their skirts or kilts as far as possible, but it was over so soon I have only a wonderful vision of shapely or shapeless limbs, jewelled garters, and anklets.

At Ciro's General Weygand has been one of the most interesting visitors. How I wish I had seen

COLONEL PHILLIPI

With Mrs. de Bittencourt, before mounting his pony. He captained the Estorel team, which was defeated by Heronville in the semi-finals of the Ogden Cup Tournament

him! Next to the Commander-in-Chief of an army the chief of his staff must be a real strong man. I met Lord French at a dinner at a small party of Irish landlords lately, and was amazed and delighted to find him alert and *debonnaire* as ever, despite his years, with the wisest and most intensely alive of bright blue eyes and clear face without a line of fatigue on it now, whatever marks were traced on it during the War. It gave one a feeling of confidence in the Empire and its destiny, just as Joffre and Clemenceau and Foch gave France courage in its hours of greatest trial. Samya is dancing at Ciro's now on Mondays and Fridays.

The Carnaval at Nice and the first battle of flowers at Cannes were really gay and successful in every way, despite the late season and scarce, and, therefore, costly, flowers. The weather was worthy of the great occasion, and the poor peasants of this sorely tried coast have reaped a silver, if not a golden, harvest.

It is, unfortunately, rather doubtful if Mlle. Lenglen will be well enough to play, as I anticipated, in the Monte Carlo tournament. Many great matches are assured, however, with the strong ladies entry. Señor Alonzo, of Spain, is still uncertain; but with Miss Ryan, one of the strongest lady players in the world, Mrs. Lambert Chambers (seven times champion at Wimbledon), Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mrs. O'Neill, Mlle. Jung (only seventeen), the French *débutante* with the wonderful strokes, and Danish and Swedish, etc., champions, and the strong entry of pairs for the Men's Doubles—the finest form of the game—delightful thrills are certain for every day of the week.

MRS. SMART

The wife of Captain R. R. Smart, who played for Heronville in the recent Ogden Cup Tournament at the Cote d'Azur Polo Club

At the Hotel de Paris, among recent diners: the Marquis de La Rodorte, Princess A. Murat, Mr. Anthony Drexel, Baron and Baronne de Rosenkranz, Mr. and Mrs. Wertheim, Sir Albert Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Gomer Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith Horn, General and Mrs. Wilson, Earl of Lanesborough, Comte J. de Montesquiou, Comte and Comtesse Mortimer Megret, Duc and Duchesse d'Ayen, Comte and Comtesse J. de Breteuil, Comte de Béarn, Marquis de Casteja, Lord and Lady Bethman, Lady Newbury, Duke and Duchess of Leeds, Mr. James Hennessy, Lord Westbury, Lord Arthur Butler, Lady Drummond, and Lady Egerton.

At the Hotel Imperial at Menton, the other day, a very jolly tea was given by the Comte and Comtesse Raoul de Bourbel to about 200 friends. There was a concert from the orchestra of Maître Saloyer, and the beautiful *danseuse*, Samya, from the Carlton at Monte Carlo, was much appreciated in some new dances, as was Donald Sawyer, the famous American expert. Nearly everybody danced. There are big parties given here every day now. Among those present were the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, Prince Mirza Khan, Duc de Choiseul Praslin, Dowager Lady Decies, Lord and Lady Edward Hay, Lord and Lady Waleran, Lord and Lady Bateman, Lady Western, Lady Newborough, Lady Watts, Marquise d'Ercourt, Comte de Vienne, Duc and Duchesse de la Chatre, Major-General Sir Archibald and Lady Paris, Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry, Brig.-General Carleton, Baroness Orczy, Madame Camille Blanc, Comtesse Morel des Boullets, Comte and Comtesse de Pourtales, Comte and Comtesse de Solms, Sir Theodore and Lady Angier, Prince Imeretinsky, Brig.-General Reay, Comte de Saulchoy, Commander and Mrs. Pailthorpe, Mr. Batsholts, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Copland, Miss Sims, M. and Mme. Terrien, Mr. and Mrs. Ralli, Mr. Thorpe Wilson, the Hon. Mrs. Gerrard, Comte de Bylaut, Commandant and Mme. Flottes, Lady Brooke-Pechell, Comtesse Freda des Garets, the Hon. Mrs. Barclay, Cavaliere Cochrane. The fancy-dress ball at the Bellevue Hotel was charming. Sir Edward and Lady Clarke gave the handsome prizes to the winners. He favoured the early Victorian as he is eighty years old!

Photographs *E. Navello*

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN PARRY

And Miss Tracey taking a morning stroll under the invigorating sun of the south

Sir Percival Perry, and party, has been at Cannes with his yacht, *Laranda*, and Major Keswick returned recently with his quaint ex-torpedo destroyer, *Cutty Sark*. D-S.

L'Après-Midi à Monte Carlo

SOME CHARACTERISTIC IMPRESSIONS OF SOCIETY IN THE SOUTH

THÉ DANSANT AT THE CAFE DE PARIS

THE FAR-FAMED SHIMMY

RIEN NE VA PLUS

AT THE TABLES

THE EXHIBITION DANCERS

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

POLITER LONDON!

"The Bystander's" Weary Search for a Polite Londoner

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

THE BYSTANDER *is determined to make London the politest city in the world. To-day, accordingly, a representative of* THE BYSTANDER *was handed £50 in Treasury Notes (which had been owing to him for some time), with a request to hand it with our compliments to the first really polite person he met.*

IT took me, writes our representative, exactly ten hours to find the right person for that £50. I could never have believed people could have been so rude. I walked slowly through the following streets and—er—other places.

STREETS OF RUDENESS

Birdcage Walk
Fulham Road
The Rising Sun
Tothill Street
Red Lion Square
The Blue Boar
Clapham High Road
Ladbroke Grove
The Seven Bells
Hammersmith Broadway
Tooley Street
Hyde Park Corner
The Three Swans
Lincoln's Inn Fields
Bunhill Row

In the Fulham Road I pretended to fall in front of a policeman, hoping he would be polite enough to help me up, and perhaps commiserate me on my accident. Not a bit of it! All he said was, "Beginnin' a bit early, ain't yer?" and passed stolidly on. He'll look a silly ass if he reads this and sees what he missed! At Hammersmith I offered a working man a penny for his thoughts. And he gave them to me. They were mostly about myself, but they were certainly not polite—at least, not polite enough for this paper. At Hyde Park Corner I saw a friend of mine being almost extravagantly polite to a sweet young thing in black furs, but I knew it wasn't his own wife, so that didn't count. It was in Tothill Street that I thought I would find the winner. A man in a desperate hurry dashed out of an office building and ran right into me,

KNOCKING OFF MY HAT

and breaking my glasses. Here was an opportunity! A graceful apology from him and he would be £20 richer! [£50 we gave you.—ED.] Oh! all right, £50 then. But he merely kicked my hat savagely and called me—well things that even the Editor has never heard of. In Victoria Street I entered a post office and asked a young woman behind the counter if she would oblige me with small change for a threepenny-piece. She was talking at the time to another young woman about the knitting of a jumper. While I waited I got to know quite a lot about the

KNITTING OF JUMPERS

You simply purl one, knit one, slip one, take two together, and the thing's done. I don't think I shall ever forget that young woman's look as she finally thrust six halfpennies at me as if I were some loathsome insect. And she might have bought dozens of jumpers if she had only known about that £50! In Ladbroke Grove I drew a blank. I purposely dropped a shilling on the pavement as I was passing a likely looking man, and strolled unconcernedly on. I heard him stop to pick it up, and was ready to hand him the £20—that is, the £50—for his politeness in returning it to me, but when I turned round I saw that there was every prospect of his breaking

THE BRITISH AMATEUR RECORD

for the mile, and, what's more, I don't suppose I'll ever see that shilling again, for the editor never said anything about extras like this. Presently I dived into the Underground at St. James's Park, and it was here that I found the winner. I was hanging on to a strap beside a flashily dressed fellow who stood on my toes all the way to Victoria, where, after jostling me, he got out in a great hurry. When he had gone a pleasant-faced man made his way with some difficulty to my side, and very politely said, "Excuse me, sir, but have you lost your pocket-book?" I thought he said "dropped," and began searching on the floor, determined that when I recovered it I would give this polite stranger the £50 and be done with it. "No, No," he said, quickly, "it's not there. Please see if it's in your pocket; there's no time to lose. I happen to know that that man who jostled you just now is an expert pickpocket. Has he taken it?" He had. "Yes," I said, "and by rights the money should have been yours!"

But he was gone before I could explain!

And the worst of it is I don't suppose the Editor will believe this story!

[Next week — on second thoughts—we will NOT *send out a representative with another £50, so Londoners who were thinking of rubbing up their manners are hereby warned that it won't pay —as far as* THE BYSTANDER *is concerned.*—ED.]

BY FRANK R. GREY

AT THE PROCESSION

1ST URCHIN (*with excellent view of "the 'orses' feet"*): "D'yer fink this is why they calls it a fête day, Alf?"

Will They Tax the Players Too?

BY H. M. BATEMAN

ARREST AT THE WICKET OF A DESPERATE CHARACTER WHO HAS FAILED TO PAY HIS CRICKET TAX

THE ONLY WEDDING ARCH THAT MATTERS

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

A REAL FAIRY STORY FOR THIS WEEK

PRINCESS MARY AT THE AGE OF FIVE

ONCE upon a time there was a little princess whom everyone loved. Her hair was as golden as the sunlight, her skin as pink and white as milk and roses, and her eyes as blue as the bluest of summer skies.

She was the only daughter of a mighty king and emperor, whose empire was so vast that the sun never set upon it, and of a queen who was both beautiful and good.

Born before her father came into his kingdom, the year of her birth was one greatly favoured by the fairies, for it was the year in which a great queen, her ancestress, known among all peoples as "the good," celebrated her jubilee of diamonds in honour of her sixtieth year on the throne.

And so there was rejoicing all over the world at the birth of the little princess. Not only were the great, good queen, a great king, and an empress sponsors at her christening, but she had for her godmother also all the good fairies, who showered wonderful gifts upon her.

But the most wonderful gifts of all were those of the fairy queen.

"I endow my godchild with two precious gifts, the gift of happiness, and that of making other people happy," she said.

And as the little princess grew up people realised that the fairy queen

Photographs *Alice Hughes*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK WITH THEIR SISTER WHO WAS THEN ONLY TWO YEARS OLD

The Little

Photograph *L. N. A.*

VISITING THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

had kept her promise. For the little princess spread happiness wherever she went. She brought happiness to the king, her father, the queen, her mother, and the princes, her brothers. The princes worshipped their golden-haired sister, who shared in both their work and their play. They took all their troubles to her, for they knew that with her magic gift for imparting happiness she would soon make them fade away.

Photo] WITH SOME LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS ORPHANED BY THE WAR *[Topical Press*

Photograph *Alfieri*

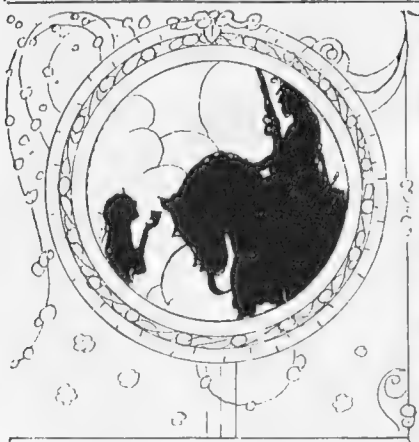
TWO TINY MITES TALK TO THEIR PRINCESS

And the people worshipped their golden-haired princess, because she was not haughty and proud, and could cook and sew as well as the lowliest of their daughters. They loved her, also, because from an early age she delighted in good works among the poor. But perhaps best of all she was beloved by the children, for she loved helping little children, and in many a poor cottage tales were told of the good-hearted golden deeds of the little princess.

And so the little princess grew up, spreading her magic gift of happiness around her, until, when she was seventeen, a great War broke out, in which the king her father's country became involved.

From every home in the land men flocked to the colours and sailed overseas to fight their country's battles both on sea and on land. And the little princess's brothers joined the fighters, and the little princess set to work to help the wounded and the children of her father's brave fighting men. She called together the daughters of the

Princess



WOMEN LAND WORKERS BEING DECORATED BY THE PRINCESS

Photograph *Topical Press*

But the queen of the fairies smiled at their fears, and started weaving another silken strand in the web of her fairy spell. And so it happened that a great nobleman from among the little princess's own people, a man who was tall and strong and brave, came one day beneath the charm of the princess's magic smile, and laid his heart and homage at her feet.

And the princess chose him for her husband, and the king, her father,

Photo] REVIEWING A GREAT RALLY OF GIRL GUIDES *[L.N.A.*

great nobles, many of them had been her friends from childhood, and together they learned how to nurse and care for the maimed and the sick.

Then, casting aside her rich silken gowns, the little princess donned the modest garb of a nurse and worked long hours a day in a great children's hospital, nursing the little children of her country's soldiers back to health and strength. She worked very hard indeed, because every child in the hospital wanted to be nursed by the little princess, who had the fairy power of making them forget their suffering and be happy—more, whose magic smile could charm their pain away.

And so every day the little princess grew more beautiful and good. Now, when the War was over and a great victory had been won by her father's fighting men and their allies, the people began to grow sad lest their beloved princess should marry a prince from some foreign land and leave them for ever.

Photo] INSPECTING NURSES OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS DURING THE WAR *[L. N. A.*

The Little Princess

and the queen, her mother, gave the little princess and the nobleman of her choice their blessing, and when it was announced that the little princess would wed a noble from among her own countrymen there was rejoicing throughout the land.

And hundreds of willing fingers started to fashion the princess's wedding gown, which was a garment of rare beauty, all the more rare because the loving thoughts of the men, women, and children of a whole empire were interwoven in its costly fabric.

And dukes and marquesses, earls and lords from all over the country came to the wedding. So did the wounded soldiers and the poor children whom she had attended in their sickness.

And the princess and her husband lived happily ever afterwards, and every day the little princess's people grew to love her more and more.

RITA STRAUSS

Photograph *Vandyk, Ltd.*

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

The House of LASCELLES

A TALE of SIX CENTURIES

BY FRANK HIRD

IF you take up any one of the books which record the rise and the doings of our great families you will find that so long ago as 1315, that is, in the reign of Edward II, a John de Lascelles was settled at Hinderskelfe, between York and Scarborough, a man of gentle birth, as the territorial "de" before his name proclaimed. During the next four reigns Hinderskelfe went from father to son, then, in Tudor times, they became Lascelles of Ganthorpe, probably by marriage with an heiress.

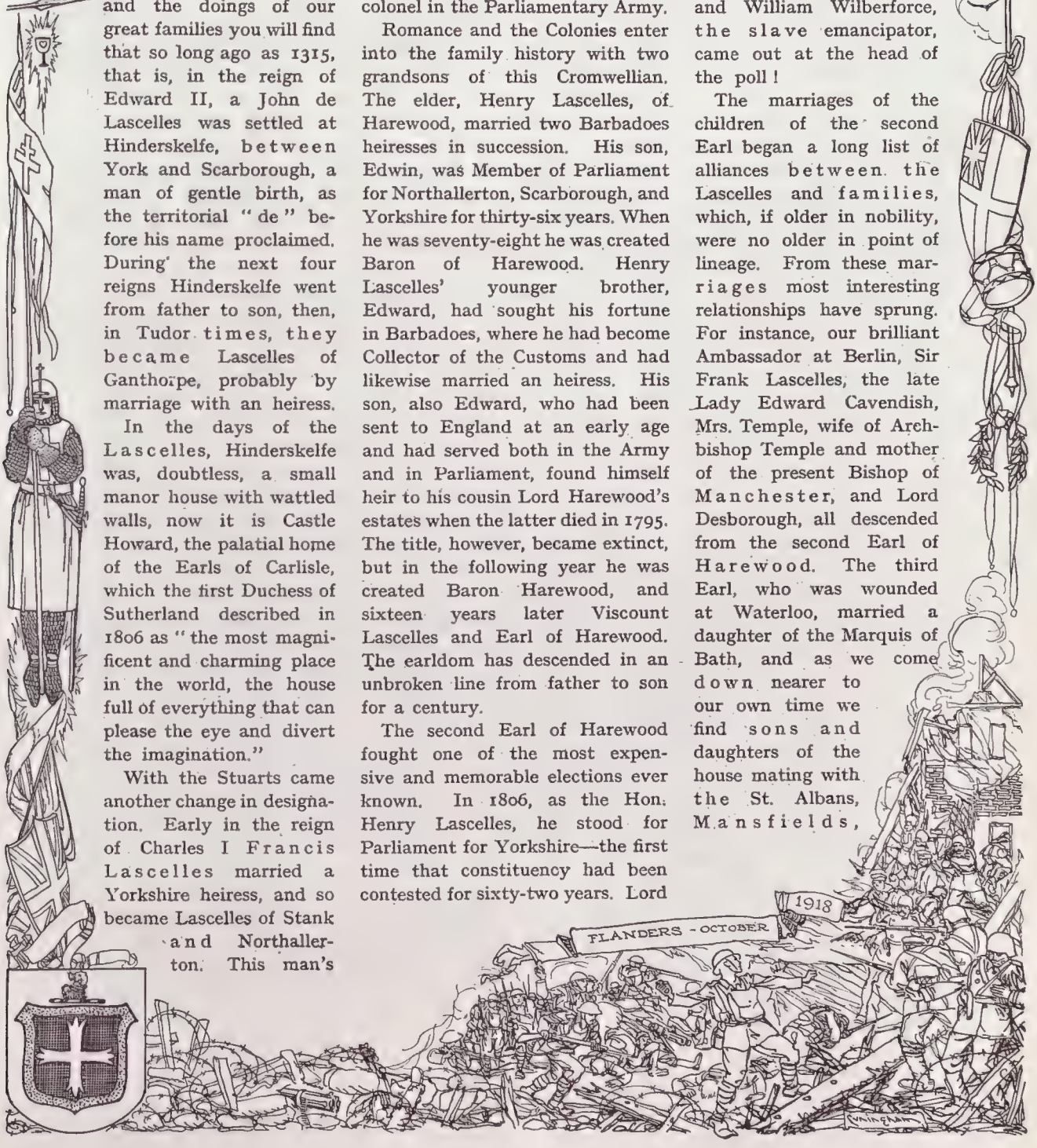
In the days of the Lascelles, Hinderskelfe was, doubtless, a small manor house with wattled walls, now it is Castle Howard, the palatial home of the Earls of Carlisle, which the first Duchess of Sutherland described in 1806 as "the most magnificent and charming place in the world, the house full of everything that can please the eye and divert the imagination."

With the Stuarts came another change in designation. Early in the reign of Charles I Francis Lascelles married a Yorkshire heiress, and so became Lascelles of Stank and Northallerton. This man's grandson, also a Francis, took the side of the Parliament in the Great Rebellion, and became a colonel in the Parliamentary Army.

Romance and the Colonies enter into the family history with two grandsons of this Cromwellian. The elder, Henry Lascelles, of Harewood, married two Barbadoes heiresses in succession. His son, Edwin, was Member of Parliament for Northallerton, Scarborough, and Yorkshire for thirty-six years. When he was seventy-eight he was created Baron of Harewood. Henry Lascelles' younger brother, Edward, had sought his fortune in Barbadoes, where he had become Collector of the Customs and had likewise married an heiress. His son, also Edward, who had been sent to England at an early age and had served both in the Army and in Parliament, found himself heir to his cousin Lord Harewood's estates when the latter died in 1795. The title, however, became extinct, but in the following year he was created Baron Harewood, and sixteen years later Viscount Lascelles and Earl of Harewood. The earldom has descended in an unbroken line from father to son for a century.

The second Earl of Harewood fought one of the most expensive and memorable elections ever known. In 1806, as the Hon. Henry Lascelles, he stood for Parliament for Yorkshire—the first time that constituency had been contested for sixty-two years. Lord Milton was his opponent. Their joint expenses, it was said, amounted to £200,000, and William Wilberforce, the slave emancipator, came out at the head of the poll!

The marriages of the children of the second Earl began a long list of alliances between the Lascelles and families, which, if older in nobility, were no older in point of lineage. From these marriages most interesting relationships have sprung. For instance, our brilliant Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, the late Lady Edward Cavendish, Mrs. Temple, wife of Archbishop Temple and mother of the present Bishop of Manchester, and Lord Desborough, all descended from the second Earl of Harewood. The third Earl, who was wounded at Waterloo, married a daughter of the Marquis of Bath, and as we come down nearer to our own time we find sons and daughters of the house mating with the St. Albans, Mansfields,



Radnors, Hertfords, Hillingdons, Wharncliffes, Shannons, Ravensworths, Chelmsfords, Poltimores, Wenlocks, Clanricardes, and Bradfords. The marriage of the fourth Earl to the daughter of the first Marquis of Clanricarde brought the millions of his eccentric successor, the second Marquis, to the Earl's grandson, Lord Lascelles. In this generation Lord Lascelles' only brother is married to a daughter of Lady Frances Balfour, and so a cousin of the Duke of Argyll. Their only sister is married to Viscount Boyne.

Such is the story of the Lascelles family, which for six hundred years has never left its native county of Yorkshire, and which for over two centuries has been settled at Harewood—first squires, then landed gentry, then peers of the realm, each generation giving its services to the State in its councils or in its Army—a record few families can equal.

Photograph Sport and General
PRINCESS MARY AT THE OAKS
On her way to the paddock, accompanied by Lord Lonsdale, for a tour of inspection before the race

WHAT SPORT OWES to the ROYAL FAMILY

by H. S. SCRIVENER

THE love of sport among the younger members of the Royal Family is hereditary. King Edward was a fine sportsman; King George has brought to bear upon the inherited sportsmanship of his father a broader outlook which has in turn been transmitted to his children. A great lover of the Turf and of yachting, King Edward was ever ready to accord his patronage to any sport or game that merited it. King George has gone a step further. He takes a personal interest in the pastimes which are popular with his subjects and shows it by his presence among them at many of the big sporting events of the year. Moreover, he contrives in some wonderful way to make them feel that he is joining in with them, as a sportsman among sportsmen, in the enjoyment of the proceedings.

SPORT has become more democratic since the War, and, at the same time, thanks to his influence, it has become more royal. "The Sport of Kings" has now acquired an entirely new meaning, and in no other way are the people able to show their loyalty to the Throne better than through the medium of their games. It is worth while going to a football match at which the King is present if only to see what an ovation he gets. And just because the King associates himself so whole-heartedly with his people in the pursuit of their pastimes, so the people follow their King when he himself takes part as a competitor in any sporting event. Yacht racing is a pastime which has not hitherto appealed markedly to the multitude; but when the *Britannia*, with the King—and often the Queen and Princess Mary, too—on board of her, was racing at Cowes and Ryde last summer the shores of the Solent were thronged with people anxious for a sight of the Royal yacht, and wildly enthusiastic when they found (as often happened) that she was leading the fleet home. They were there because they knew that the King was there on his fine cutter working among his men and hauling on the ropes with them like a true sailor-man.

UPON the activities of the Prince of Wales and his Royal brothers and sister in the domain of sport it is unnecessary to dilate here. As one would expect of the children of King George there are but few games or outdoor pursuits in which they do not take some interest, and the zest which they bring to bear upon those in which they actually participate is proof positive that the sporting instinct is inherent in them.

ONE can imagine that the Royal Princes would prefer to spend an afternoon in the taking of active exercise rather than in the passive *rôle* of the spectator, yet the catholicity of their tastes often impels them to go and watch a big football match or some other sort of outstanding

WHEN Princess Mary paid her first visit—before the War—to Wimbledon to witness an afternoon's play in the lawn tennis championships on the centre court, it is authentically recorded that, after watching the match which was then in progress for about ten minutes, she ejaculated, "Why have I never been here before?"—or words to that effect. She was well enough versed in lawn tennis as it is ordinarily played to appreciate its fascination; she was now witnessing the highest expression of it, and the whole situation, as well as the actual play, had appealed at once to her as a lover of sport.

event in the world of athletics. And whenever they do this they show that they have their father's remarkable gift of being able to make the assembled multitudes feel that they are all there together, inspired by a common enthusiasm for something which is national, healthy, and satisfying.

I DO not believe that I am exaggerating in the very least when I say that the rapid rehabilitation of sport after the War was due in a large measure to the ever-ready helping hand of the Royal Family, and to the way in which the extending of that helping hand was done more as the friendly act of a fellow-sportsman than as a favour. We all recall the case of a certain Royal Personage (no longer Royal) whose sole idea, when according his patronage to any sort of function, was to show himself off as much as possible, sometimes to the partial or complete ruination of the function itself. But then he was no sportsman — which is an explanation of, though not an excuse, for, his behaviour. My endeavour has been to emphasise the fact that the Royal Family of England have the instinct of sport innate in them, and can use it wisely and effectively for the benefit of the nation at large as well as for their own personal pleasure. As long as King George and his children have a say in the matter sport will never lose the important place which it occupies in the scheme of things in this country. And let it be remembered that it is, perhaps, one of the strongest barriers that we have against Bolshevism.

H. S. S.

AT HAWTHORN HILL

On the occasion of the Brigade of Guards Steeplechases in which the Prince of Wales, who is here seen in the foreground with the Queen and Princess Mary, was a competitor

PRINCESS MARY AT COWES

In the year 1913. She is very fond of yachting and has often raced on board the "Britannia" with the King

Photographs Sport and General

PRINCESS MARY AT WIMBLEDON

On her way to the Royal box, accompanied by Mr. George Caridia of the All-England Club, to view the play in the lawn tennis championship

FOXHUNTERS BOTH

OUR NATIONAL FIELD SPORT CLAIMS LORD LASCELLES AND HIS BRIDE

BY A. W. COATEN

Happy Hunting Days

PRINCESS MARY will prize not the least of her wedding gifts the diamond and sapphire brooch, with a crystal model of a fox's head in the centre, which she received recently from her fellow members of the West Norfolk Hunt. It will serve to remind her of some of the happiest days of her young life—arduous days spent in the saddle with all that wonderful exhilaration, perhaps unequalled in sport, which foxhunting produces. She has not had the same opportunities of riding to hounds in many countries as have fallen to the Prince of Wales, yet she fully shares his enthusiasm for the sport, and she has not missed a convenient meet of the West Norfolk if she could help it.

For'ard Away!

FOXHUNTING is, perhaps, the most typical of our national field pursuits, and it is only fitting that the younger members of our Royal House should not only display keenness for the sport, but be able to hold their own when hounds are running. Princess Mary and her brothers do credit to their early training in the saddle. More than once each has displayed that spirit of adventure without which one cannot expect to see the end of a good run over a well-fenced country. The Princess has ridden through some excellent hunts in West Norfolk, where plough chiefly predominates, and she will appreciate the grass enclosures in the best part of the Bramham Moor country, of which Lord Lascelles is the joint Master.

A Yorkshire M.F.H.

LET me now give you some particulars of Lord Lascelles from the hunting standpoint. Although he is an M.F.H., I do not propose to write of him as a "great" foxhunter like men such as Lord Southampton and Mr. Joshua Fielden, who have nothing to learn from any professional huntsman. Possessing a most charming and unassuming personality, he has made himself highly popular with all of the Bramham Moor people. During his early years Lord Lascelles was a great deal away from his home at Harewood, and, consequently, had not many opportunities of hunting. But his forebears were Masters of Hounds, and he himself is, naturally, very fond of hunting.

Viscount Lascelles

A RUN WITH

What is more, he has a tremendous sense of duty, and no doubt it was that which induced him to take over the Bramham Moor Hounds when Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox, M.P., found that it was impossible for him to continue as M.F.H. owing to financial reasons.

The Bramham Moor

LORD LASCELLES' real interest is in racing, but when it was put to him that there would be very great difficulty in getting an M.F.H. for his home country, and that a stranger in that position would be undesirable, he at once offered to take on the job with his brother, the Hon. Edward Lascelles. New kennels for the pack in the centre of the country are being built, and he has contributed very generously to the cost of that

Lt.-Col. Seymour, M.F.H. Princess Mary Mr. Oliver Birkbeck

THE WEST NORFOLK

By Lionel Edwards

enterprise. The new home of Lord Lascelles and Princess Mary is outside the Bramham Moor country, but that is a matter of little moment in days when the motor-car is a convenient covert-hack. Some of their horses will be kept at the new kennels. Lord Lascelles is well mounted, and it is obvious that he thoroughly enjoys a hunt. His wedding gift from the members of the Bramham Moor Hunt takes the shape of a fine old grandfather clock.

On the Turf

With average luck he will soon become a successful owner on the Turf. His keenness for that branch of sport will be shared by Princess Mary, who so far, of course, has been mainly interested in the welfare of the Royal colours. In future she will, I hope, have many chances of seeing Lord Lascelles' jacket in the lead in important events. Many of his horses are now in the able hands of the King's trainer, Richard Marsh, and they include some likely winners. Princess Mary has always been fond of watching the progress of the foals and yearlings at the Sandringham stud, and, what is more, she is quite capable of pronouncing an expert opinion regarding their prospects of doing justice to their fine breeding. It is obvious, therefore, that in the realm of sport Lord Lascelles and his bride have much in common. A. W. C.

Photographs Topical Press

PARIS LEFT OUT...

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

ONE does not care to strike the jangle note when the wedding bells ring all in tune for you. But, really, we have been left out of the consideration most completely, is it not? Time was when wedding and Paris have been the terms almost inseparable. There

"The 'cousettes' . . . What dreams they have"

was the honeymoon. There were the dresses, the hats, to make not the mention of the *trousseau*, the most Parisian of the marriage portion. Can anyone conceive that in the days of the *avant-guerre*, a wedding of the *premier ordre* has been possible to be celebrated without the assistance of Paris? *Du tout.* There would have been the haughty suggestion that it would not have been properly done if the participation of Paris had not been assured in some manner or other.

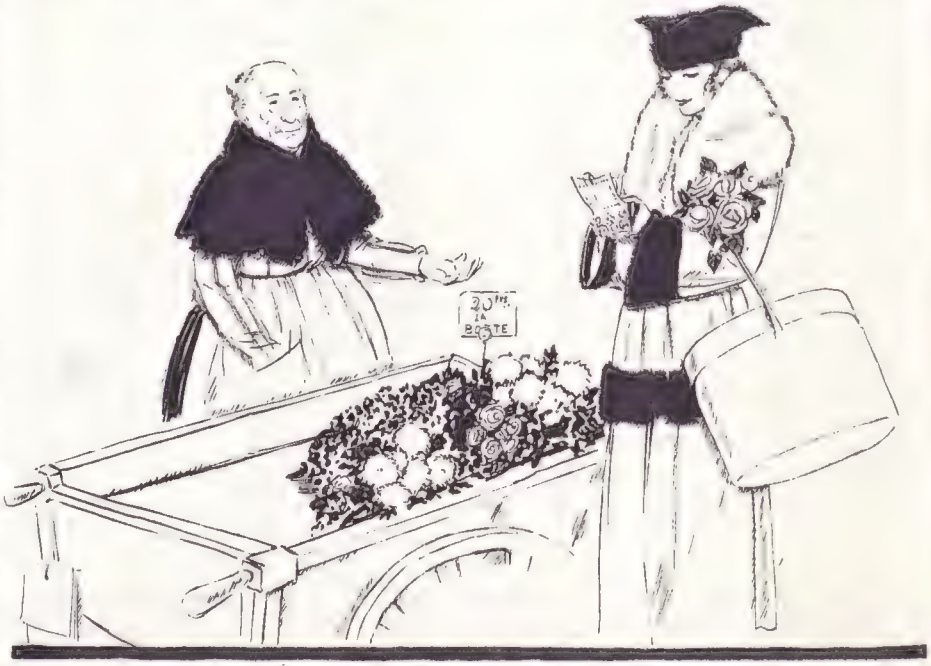
AND now we are of the most unmistakably barred from the tiniest part in the most noteworthy marriage which has taken place in England during the many, many years. Is it not enough bad to be without the king's daughters of our own, in whose marriages we could take the pleasure, without to be cut off from the connection with the chief of our neighbours? Not even a little part of the honeymoon has been vouchsafed unto us. And you are not able perhaps to realise how much a little visit could have meant in these days of the political bickerings.

THE *famille royale* of England is considered to be the greatest friend of France in England. Is it not that when the writers and the speakers become very angry with M. Lloyd George that someone always declares, "*Mais, souvenez-vous du Roi Edouard Sept*"? And the heated tempers are calmed in the sweet recollections of the pleasanter past. There is ever the desire for the goodwill of the Royal Family of England. One has noted, for instance, the sorrow of the writer in the *Figaro*, when he has deplored that the King, in his Speech from the Throne, has "seemed to adopt the ideas of M. Lloyd George." One has had to inform him privately that the Speech has been that of M. Lloyd George, which has

"Mais, souvenez-vous du Roi Edouard Sept"?

relieved his dismay. He has been so pleased to be consoled that he has not been worried about his lack of erudition concerning the habits of the English constitution.

AND when there is the such situation among the political squabblers, what, do you imagine, is the feelings of the *gens ordinaires*, particularly of the *midinettes* or the *cousettes*, who should have so delighted to ply the needle for *la belle princesse Mar-ee*? What dreams they have been robbed of, for when to stitch and to sew for the *princesse* they



"Spend their last sous for roses for the Prince souriant"

would most certainly have had the *beaux rêves* about the prince that was to come for each of them one day. And is it not that the idol of every one of them is the *charmant Prince de Galles*. Not one of them who would not spend the last *sous* for roses to lay beneath the feet of the *Prince souriant* if he drove around the capital.

MAYBE you have thought that because we are a Republic there is not the similar amount of affection that you yourselves possess for the *famille royale*. That is wrong. Perhaps there is more, for there are but the very rare occasions to display it, and it

"The red-hatted Marianne may pay the homage of the citizens"

is thus accumulated. One hopes that it is not yet too late to make the remedy about the honeymoon, that there may be the possibility to make the little stop in Paris, so that the red-hatted Marianne, representing the Republic, may pay the homage of the citizens to the *belle princesse*. Such a favour would also assuage the wounds of the Girl Guides, who are numerous. Long have they been disappointed because they could not have also, like the Girl Guides of England, a Princess for their Colonel-in-Chief. If they could be included in an escort to greet the Princess Mary at a Paris station, they would be much solaced.

IT is almost of the pathetic when one recalls how many are the people who are disappointed by the all-England associations of the wedding. There is the sympathetic understanding of the decision that, in view of the bad trade, all the materials are to be manufactured in the English isle. But the restrictions of this character would have been compensated if but Paris could have been included in the honeymoon. This would have given the impression that the French affections had not been totally ignored. Unless this is done the only part we can play will be to go to watch the weavers of the Gobelins tapestries or the moulders of the Sévres vases, whichever of them have the honour to be selected to make the present of the President of the Republic. And that is the poor satisfaction beside the chance to cheer the *Princesse* and the *Vicomte* on a honeymoon drive through Paris.

ALL this is not to say that there shall be a lack of the good French wishes to accompany the Princess-bride in her new sphere. She is as assured of the affections as she has, perhaps unconsciously, been the subject of them in the past. The only regret is the absence of the opportunity to display them. And *la belle princesse* would *sans doute* have been delighted to learn with her own eyes that if there is a lack of cordiality among the statesmen and the politicians, the *entente* is still as *cordiale* as ever between French hearts and the *famille royale d'Angleterre*.

ROLAND

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

A BOND STREET FROCK IN A BATTERSEA FLAT

Miss Doris Lytton as the Hon. Pansy Berkeley in the Aldwych comedy, "Money Doesn't Matter," which tilts at some of Society's little vices, and attempts to show that if matrimony in Mayfair is unsuccessful the remedy is—try Battersea

MARY d. of Henry VII (QUEEN OF FRANCE)

MARY-Queen of Scots

MARY of Cambridge

QUEEN MARY

PRINCESS MARY

The PRINCESS MARYS of ENGLAND

Six daughters of English kings between Tudor times and to-day have borne the name of Mary. King George's daughter is the seventh. In all this long line of history—four centuries—only one Princess Mary besides our own Princess has been permitted to choose her own husband. This was the fourth daughter of George III, who married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, but "reasons of State" forbade the marriage before that of Princess Charlotte, her niece and heiress-presumptive to the Crown. She had to wait for her married happiness until she was forty.

Four of the Princesses Mary, each in turn, were pawns in the triangular struggle between England, France, and Spain which dominated the foreign policy of our Tudor and Stuart kings. They were married where it seemed the greatest political advantage could be gained. Two became Queens of England—Mary Tudor and Mary II—one Mary, daughter of Henry VII, became Queen of France.

It was with this Princess Mary the marriage bartering began. As a child of eleven she was married by proxy to the Prince of Castile, son of the Emperor Maximilian, then in alliance with England against France. But when Maximilian concluded a secret treaty with France, leaving Henry VIII in the lurch, that astute monarch promptly caused his sister to renounce her union with Maximilian's son and married her to the French king, Louis XII. She was eighteen, Louis was fifty-two. Mary, it is said, agreed to the match on condition that she should make her own choice "next time." Four months later she was a widow, and before any other arrangements could be made for the disposal of her hand she married the handsome Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whom she was believed to have had in her mind when she made her conditions.

The next Princess Mary was Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII and the unfortunate Catharine of Arragon, and the first Queen-regnant of England. Throughout her childhood and youth she was used as a matrimonial trump card by her father and his Ministers, now against Spain, now against France. At the age of two she was solemnly betrothed to the French Dauphin, aged six months; when she was six she was engaged to the Emperor Charles V. But all the *pourparlers* and intrigues surrounding these and many other proposals came to nothing. When she succeeded to the throne she was thirty-seven and still unwed. Her own choice of Philip of Spain was as lamentable for herself as for the nation.

A two-edged fear brought about the marriage of the succeeding Mary, daughter of Charles I, and Princess Royal of England, to the Prince of Orange—fear of France and fear of the English Parliament. Charles I wished to marry her to a son of the King of Spain, but finally agreed to the Dutch marriage in the secret hope that his son-in-law would aid him with men and money in the struggle with his people which ultimately brought him to the scaffold. His hope was not fulfilled. Mary was married when she was ten, and went to Holland two years later.

Again, the fate of the next Princess Mary, the daughter of James II, was decided by the fear of France. At fifteen she was married to her cousin, William of Orange, as a counter-weight to French influence, and so succeeded her aunt as Princess of Orange. When she came back to England it was to reign with her husband as joint Sovereigns in her father's place. Her life, both in Holland and in England, was one of continuous sadness and difficulty. It is recorded that when her father announced his decision as to marriage "she wept all that afternoon and the following day."

Nor did the fifth Princess Mary, the daughter of George II, escape the political fate of her predecessors. At seventeen she was married to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel to serve some petty end of her father's touching his kingdom of Hanover. Her husband was "a boor and a brute."

Happily, the period of political alliances and all the miseries they brought to five Princesses Mary of England are over. Love now may rule the Court as well as the camp and grove.

F. H.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"OURS"

[*Princess Mary is, of course, President of the Girl Guides and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment)*]

THE GIRL GUI

UIDE'S DREAM

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

THE BRIDLE PATH

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Luck of the Tables

By Eric Gordon

"Put the infernal thing in your pocket, Harford," said the Hon. Cyril Cadman, suddenly pushing back his chair and passing the other a piece of paper over which the two had been poring.

"Why this sudden rejection?" asked Harford, keeping his hands in his pockets. "Isn't my system sound?"

"Without a flaw, as far as I can see. That's just my trouble." He looked across the terrace to the blue waters of the Bay of Monaco. Harford remained silent in expectation of hearing something more.

"I had my lesson about infallible systems six years ago," went on Cadman, presently. "It was an expensive one—in fact, I've been paying for it ever since—and look like continuing to do so," he added, somewhat less calmly, as Muriel Duffield came into his mind.

"Well, this system of mine proved expensive enough to the Casino," said Harford, also glancing out to sea, but watching the other out of the corners of his sharp black eyes. "That's why I'm barred the tables now—and the only reason why I say you are welcome to it if you like. But be sure you claim it as your own if anyone asks—you'd be stopped at once if it was spotted as mine."

Cadman nodded assent, picked up the scrap of paper, glanced at it again—then:

"Damn it all," cried Cadman, suddenly, "I'll give it a trial to-night. I've not been in the rooms for six years, but I'll try my luck with five thousand francs, anyhow."

The gambling light was in his eyes as he spoke, but in Harford's was the light of triumph as he walked away. For the system, worked out with the mathematical genius that was his, had cost him many a sleepless night the previous week, though it had cost the Casino never a penny, Harford being far too prudent a young man to gamble money, even on a "cert." The triumph consisted in the successful drawing of Cyril Cadman into "the rooms" after a self-imposed exile of six years. There remained only one task—and that, though not easy, he felt to be well within his powers—the persuading of Muriel Duffield—*and* her father—to visit the rooms on the same night for the first time in their lives. For Hermann K. Duffield, though, according to rumour, not over-particular as to how he made his money in New York City, had sufficient of the Pussyfoot spirit in him to care very much how it was lost in Monte Carlo, and a gambler was his particular *bête noir*. It was largely owing to the fact that neither of them frequented the rooms that both Mr. Wilbraham Harford, with his genius for figures and markets, combined with something of Mr. Duffield's own happy freedom from scruples, and the Honourable Cyril Cadman, with his armless sleeve, good credit, and almost extinguished debts, were allowed to see far more of the charming Muriel than their prospects warranted. So much more, in fact, that Harford rightly calculated that with the other out of the way he would have a clear field. True, his rival seemed to enjoy more of the lady's favour than himself, but was blessed neither with Harford's cuteness or his freedom from scruples, and with sublime self-assurance, evidently considered himself the only suitor. That state of bliss Harford was determined should in reality become his own. He was strengthened by the knowledge that Hermann K. Duffield was accustomed to being obeyed.

The second part of his task proved easier than he expected. Muriel showed herself a powerful ally, and Hermann K. Duffield decided that it would be an interesting experience and a sound lesson for them all "to go and see those fools being parted from their money." Still, Harford's heart fell as they entered the Casino, for he realised that the old puritan's first visit would be his last, and that if Cadman should have thought better of his projected test of the system on that particular night all his labours would have been in vain.

There was no sign of his victim at first, and his hopes sank still lower. They revived somewhat as he saw the lines in the old man's face deepening, and the look of contempt he cast at the men and women crowding round the tables as the *croupier's* rake pulled in the piles of notes.

Suddenly he heard Cadman's boyish tones unmistakably, and caught sight of him just beside them, seated at the table. The others were passing him by unnoticed.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Harford, audibly.

"What's up?" grunted Duffield.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"THE LUCK OF THE TABLES" (*concluded*)

"Nothing, oh, nothing," answered the other, turning his glance ostentatiously away from his rival.

It worked. The old man turned round, then took up his stand immediately behind Cadman. Harford noticed that Muriel was trembling slightly. For some minutes her father watched the gambler, who was utterly absorbed, but playing with cautious and continual reference to a slip of paper. The pile of notes beside him grew steadily.

"How long will he go on like that?" he asked Harford, suddenly.

The latter shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? Hours, probably," with a hypocritical sigh just sufficiently overdone to make Muriel glance at him sharply.

Duffield tapped the gambler on the shoulder. He sprang up, his face flushed, the light of excitement in his eyes.

"Why, Mr. Duffield——"

The other cut his greeting short. "Gambling—your own system?"

'Er——." He caught Harford's warning eye. "Oh, yes, of course, but——"

"Come, Muriel. Good-night, Mr. Cadman." Like a father of melodrama leading virtue away from hideous vice, Hermann K. Duffield piloted his daughter and Harford out of the rooms. There was a light in his eyes, too—the light of battle, thought the plotter, gleefully, as they reached his hotel. And in Muriel's eyes was a light of suspicion, which made him decide to keep away for a couple of days before he came to claim the fruits of victory. It was on the second day that he got a letter from Cyril Cadman:

"I must tender you my heartiest thanks and demand your ditto congratulations, less on account of the success of your marvellous system, of which the enclosed cheque for fifty thousand francs, half my winnings, bears witness, as for the further success which it brought in its train. As you know, old Duffield caught sight of me playing, and left, as I thought, in a furious rage. But my gambler's blood was awakened, and I played on. Will you believe me that in half an hour the old man was back beside me. 'Gambling—and losing—is a fool's game,' he said, 'but your system—and winning—I call business.' He'd grasped the scheme in a moment, but, not being a gambler, he discounted that *sine quâ. non* of the best of systems — luck. He lost five thousand francs in less time than I took to win ten times that sum—which only convinced him still more of my 'business acumen.' So much so that I summoned up courage afterwards to ask his leave to try my luck with Muriel, and he readily consented.

"Thanks to you, my debts are paid, my reputation with Duffield secured—nothing, I promise you, shall ever tempt me to imperil it in another gamble—and the sweetest little woman on the Riviera mine. She sends a message that I owe you more than I think—I'm sure I do!"

ERIC GORDON

BY AUDREY WEBER

A Bride of the Mountains

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

The bridal party returning from the wedding ceremony across the snow-laden fields of Chamonix

Put Into Execution

BY A. WHATOFF ALLEN

When Lola, after three months of married life, conveyed to him in inimitable American her desire that he should fade away, evaporate, and go back and live in poppa's castle in the Highlands, the Honourable Gerald de Gascoigne Anstruther suddenly realised that marriage with a Frivolity star was not all champagne suppers and kisses.

The callous words stuck in his throat. A whisky-and-soda was powerless to remove the obstruction.

"So be it, Lola," he muttered. "But I shall not go to Scotland. Dad has mortgaged everything—right up to the kilt—and would not welcome another mouth to feed."

"Where'll you go, kid?" said Lola.

Gerald pointed to the carpet. "Below!" he said, dramatically.

"Say! You're morbid!" said Lola. "First, I mean."

"I shall go below to the kitchen," he insisted. "There I shall evaporate and pass out of your life for ever. My one fear is that the report may disturb you."

"That'll be alright," said Lola, magnanimously.

"My affairs are in order," he continued. "My will is in the whatnot; your Press notices are in the bathroom, close to my shaving tackle; three collars for the wash——"

His voice broke—for the second time. Slowly he turned and silently he left her, went downstairs, entered the kitchen, and shut the door. Seating himself at the table he covered his face with his hands.

"Death!" he thought. "Was it fair to demand from him so great a sacrifice when life was still at its best and brightest, when his credit was still unexhausted, when——"

There came a knock. The door opened, and Lola entered.

"You forgot your evaporator, kid," she said, and laid his revolver on the table.

He nodded his thanks, and she withdrew.

Slowly his hand sought the deadly weapon, closed on it, drew it towards him, raised it, and pointed it at his breast. Shutting his eyes, he pressed the trigger.

There came a scarcely audible click. But at the same moment there swept across the back of his neck an icy draught; something hard was jabbed against his ribs; a husky voice sounded in his ear.

"Nah, then, shove up yer mitts and keep yer marf shut!"

Gerald did nothing of the sort. Rising to his feet, he turned to face the intruder, opened his mouth in amazement, shoved his hands in his pockets, and smiled as he gazed down the barrel of a revolver. He noticed that the back door was open.

"Are you a burglar?" he enquired, suavely.

"Shove up yer flippers!" hissed the burglar.

"Because, if you are, we might do business," Gerald explained.

"If you don't shove up yer blinkin' 'ands, I'll simply 'ave to plug you," the burglar grumbled.

"I suppose you can shoot straight?" asked Gerald. "I mean, you wouldn't be likely to bungle your job?"

"You bet I wouldn't!"

"Then we can certainly do business. My own revolver is, unfortunately, out of order, so it will cost you a cartridge. If you'll be good enough to close the door, I will bare my chest. Sorry to trouble you, but a slight tendency to bronchitis——"

The burglar snarled. Gerald, without more ado, stepped elegantly across the room, opened his waistcoat, and gazed towards him with a winning smile.

"The execution will take place at the word three," he began, when the kitchen door again opened.

"Say, kid, about that report," said Lola; and then, with a piercing scream, she ran to him and flung her arms about his neck.

In vain he struggled to free himself. "For heaven's sake, Lola, go!" he cried. "You're crumpling my collar and you'll get shot. This chap wins prizes at Bisley. He can knock a haystack from beneath a bird six times running. He's——"

Too late! There came a blinding flash. Lola tottered in his arms. Acrid fumes assailed his nostrils.

"That'll do, thank you," said a gentleman at the back door.

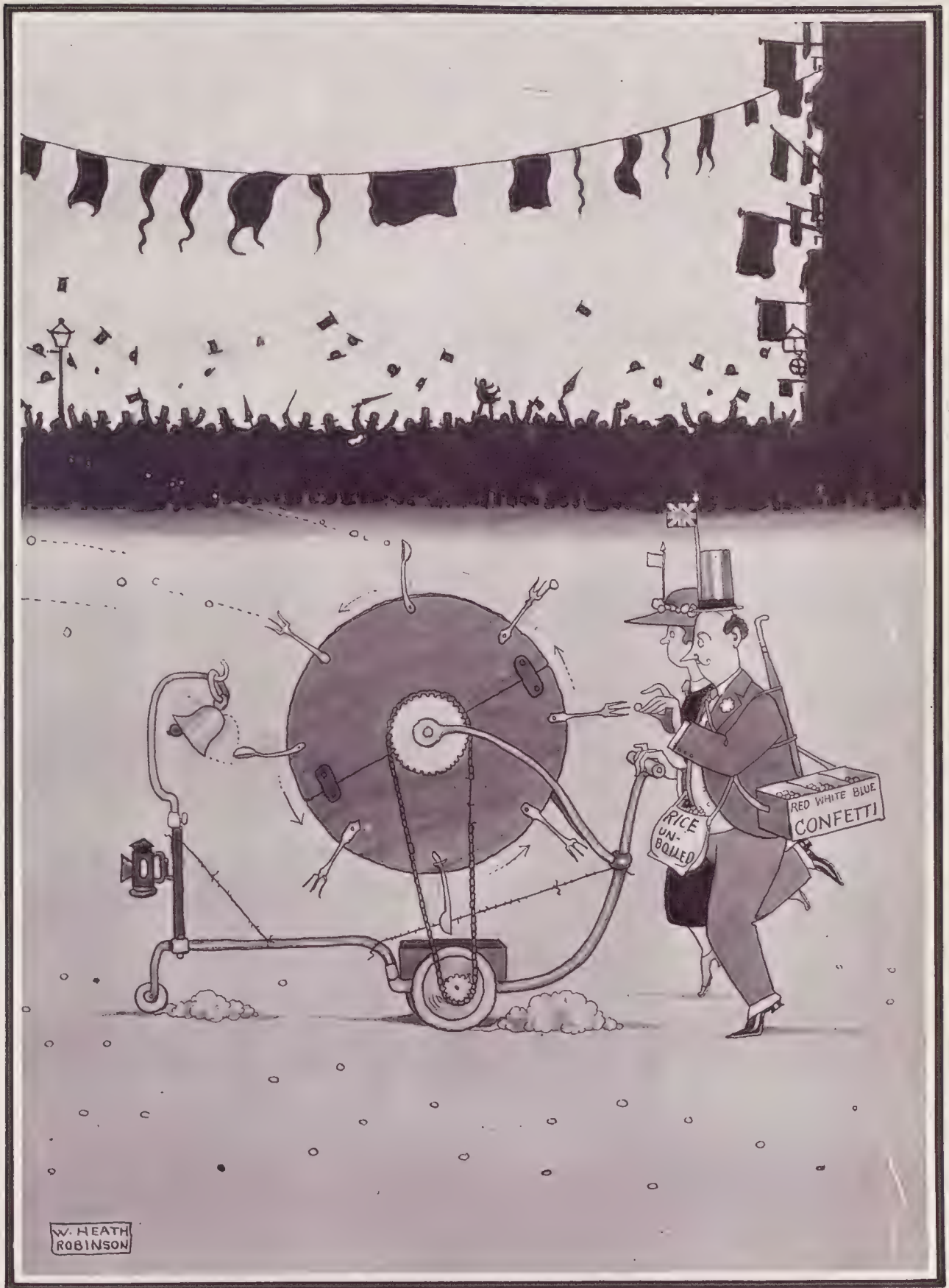
Lolo lost her limpness and released him.

"I guess that photo'll be the bulliest bit of publicity ever," she remarked. "'The lovely Lola saves her husband from a desperate criminal.' That's you, Harold. Take your face off and see the photographer off the premises. I'm going to give Gerald a stiff one: he's wanting it." A.W.A.

WED-LOCK By Hugh Williams

Warder Cupid: "A life sentence, and yet, 'tis strange, both the prisoners seem quite happy"

On Sale To-Day (at Heath Robinson and Co.)



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A NEAT DEVICE FOR CASTING CONFETTI AND RICE AT WEDDINGS

A Wedding Phantasy

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

It would seem as if the fairies had conspired to produce a wedding robe of enchantment. To a choir of cupids tiny hands work the rich brocades. Was ever Cinderella's shoe as dainty? See the glow from that tiny brazier—it is the jeweller cunningly weaving the lover's knot in priceless gems. Could mortal hands have worked that lace of gossamer so ages old? But here's a sprite of merriest eye who flings her bounty to the winds. Oh, Princess, beware—confetti!

The Royal TROUSSEAU

BY ELIZABETH CRAIG

FOR some time past wedding fashions have been pretty much at the whim of respective brides. But this season Princess Mary's *trousseau* and the charming individual touches attendant on her wedding are putting personal whims to flight.

Indeed, the high priestesses of fashion who hold our adornment in their expensive hands tell me that no end of *trousseau* orders were altered when the news of Princess Mary's tastes leaked out. And I am told, too, that the intimation as to the Abbey not being decorated resulted in one or two February brides cancelling their orders for most lavish church decorations.

The Princess, and all she wears and all she does, is, and will be, the fashion with brides for some time to come. The eyes of the world's girlhood are upon her, admiring, copying, storing up ideas for future *trousseaux*, future nest-building.

As a famous *modiste* explained to me the other morning: "*Les Modes!* There ees only one *mode*—Princess Mary. The Princess she has fixed all the styles for the coming season. *La ligne*—it must be slim and graceful. *Les toilettes*—not too short, nor too long. Oh, no, no, thanks to the Royal bride, we shall be able to see this spring just how beautiful what you call 'common-sense fashions' can be."

In several ways the Royal *trousseau* closely resembles Queen Mary's. The wedding-gown, for instance, was, like the Queen's, a dream in white and silver, cloth of silver cut *en Princesse*, being gracefully veiled with snowy marquisette, lotus-leafed in Indian silver, and delicately embroidered with pearls.

The birth of the bride's wonderful train reads like a poem. Hand-woven of the most cobwebby silk at Braintree, in Essex, by a young ex-Service man employed by a firm who have specialised in this craft for over fifty years, and also had the honour of weaving the Queen's Coronation brocade, it was embroidered by ex-soldiers and sailors, expert at their craft. The Princess, you see, a friend of both, tried, even on the eve of her wedding, to make the event of her life of practical interest to all she's interested in.

Of silver-shot satin *Duchesse*, the train glistened roses and shamrocks and thistles, and shimmered down in all its fairy-like beauty from the shoulders, which were draped with a deep collar of *point d'Angleterre*, worn by the Queen at her wedding.

Not only will this season's brides smile on lace-draped shoulders, but likelier than not copy the rippling way Princess Mary's collar cascaded down at the sides, and the filmy georgette sleeves that seemed to mist into the bridal veil lent by the Queen.

All of us who regretted the passing of the old-fashioned bride, framed in white and orange blossom, are rejoiced that Princess Mary has revived and re-fashioned her into a picturesque present. Most brides, in their inmost hearts, pay allegiance to white and white and silver. But, *La Mode*, ever on the outlook for something novel, though not always becoming, has been gradually insinuating the coloured bridal to the forefront until, of late, the lily-white fashion has had to take second place.

ONE OF PRINCESS MARY'S EVENING DRESSES AND HER GOING-AWAY FROCK

The white evening gown is of crepe de Chine, with the bodice embroidered in a very beautiful design in nacre beads, and a lace underskirt which shows in front and at the sides. The other frock is a graceful charmeuse gown of deep powder blue, subtly embroidered with cloudy coral beads and crystals

Some of the Princess's Hats

But Princess Mary, supported by her mother, has crowned her Queen again, and given her a stately retinue of ethereal-looking bridesmaids, seeming moon-maidens in their draped gowns of silver tissue, with silver rays for sleeves, to replace the solitary attendant, when any was present, so lately *à la Mode*.

Like Queen Mary, whose *trousseau* embraced English-woven silks, tweeds from Scotland, and lace from Ireland, the Princess gathered her *trousseau* from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. In Scotland, the Highland lassies threaded warm wishes into the homespuns the bride loves. In Ireland, the colleens embroidered thoughts of happiness into the sheerest of fine linen, knitted Irish greetings into the cosiest of frocks. In the Midlands, English girls spun their love into silk for her *lingerie*, into black, white, and "nigger" brown stockings, gifts for that Wonder *trousseau*.

And, no matter the bride's tastes, I hear she consulted the Queen on every purchase. Together they decided that her gowns should be seven or eight inches from the floor. Together they chose the pastel shades which predominate in her *trousseau*, and the dainty shoes with their beautifully curved, but medium-sized, heels. Together they favoured the long, graceful lines beloved of Paris.

So, too, the Royal Bride and her mother decided to waive the Victorian tradition "of going away" in white. Princess Mary leaves for her honeymoon clad in a graceful *charmeuse* gown of deep powder-blue subtly embroidered with cloudy coral beads and crystals, and loosely sashed *charmeuse* at the low waist-line, which marks most of her *toilettes*.

Did you ever hear of another such bridal?

From all over the Empire love-offerings came to swell the *trousseau*. One of the most romantic gifts, which I am sure she will treasure in her jewel-casket, for she loves the Northland very dearly, is a replica of the famous Brooch of Lorn, said to have been used by Robert the Bruce for fastening the folds of his plaid. The Clan MacDougal presented this gift, of beautifully carved silver set with river pearls and Scottish gems, to the Princess.

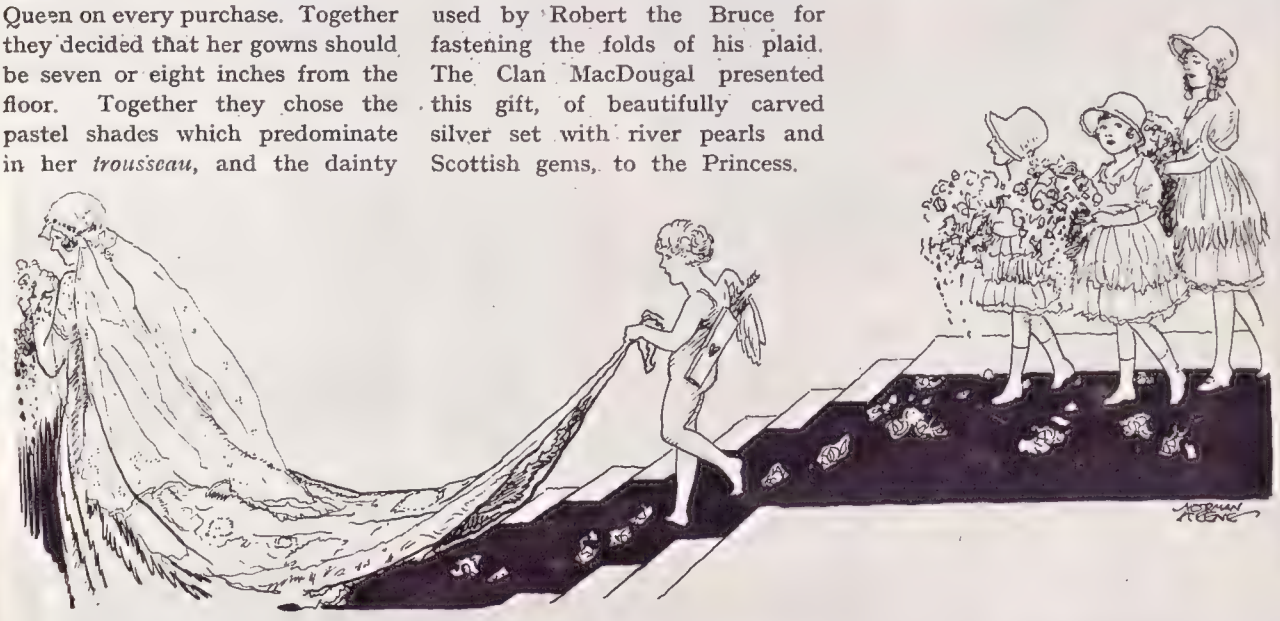
Perhaps she will use it when wrapped in a MacRae tartan plaid presented by the clan of that ilk.

Meanwhile, we are all looking forward to seeing the Royal Bride wearing some of her gifts—the diamond and ruby "trefoil" brooch, presented to their president by the Girl Guides, the diamond and emerald tiara, the souvenir of fifty thousand V.A.D.'s, perhaps even the bridal shoes of *souple* white satin, adorned by diamond buckles framed in *plissé* chiffon, and tulle, the gift of the Queen.

The sight of the Princess will ever remind us of a symphony in white and silver, a slender slip of a sunny-haired girl with cheeks like apple-blow, and eyes blue as her Northern skies on a frosty day, who left a Royal palace, even as princesses leave their fathers' palaces in fairy tales—to hasten to their bridegrooms' side.

May her fairy tale end in the fairy way—

"And they lived happy ever after."



(Further details and illustrations appear on page ix)

SKETCHES BY NORMAN KEENE

An Exclusive Photograph of 1898

Photograph *Alice Hughes*

HER MAJESTY WITH PRINCESS MARY, THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK

When the Princess was only eighteen months and the Princes were four and three years old

The ROYAL HONEYMOON

Shropshire and Tuscany

BY FRANK HIRD

WESTON PARK, where Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles will spend the earlier part of their honeymoon, belongs to the bridegroom's cousin, the Earl of Bradford, in whose family it has been for at least six centuries. It is in Shropshire, quite close to the Staffordshire border, and within twelve miles or so of Wolverhampton. Outwardly, Weston is not an attractive house, having suffered alterations and additions at bad periods, but its interior is of the most comfortable and delightful—a treasure house of fine old furniture, with great rooms and spacious corridors hung with a remarkably fine collection of pictures.

Lady Bradford, who is a great gardener and has done much to restore the Weston gardens, was the eldest daughter of Lord Aberdare. Her two sisters are Lady Belper and Lady Digby. For eleven years after her marriage she was Viscountess Newport, her husband only succeeding to the earldom seven years ago.

Photographs *Vandyk and Photopress*

THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD, AND WESTON PARK, THE SHROPSHIRE SEAT OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS, WHERE THE FIRST PART OF THE HONEYMOON WILL BE SPENT

Photograph *Central News*

THE BEAUTIFUL VILLA MEDICI, NEAR FLORENCE, AND ITS CHÂTELAINE, LADY SYBIL SCOTT

If Italy should hold out its entrancing lure to the happy couple in the early springtime—and who can resist the call of Italy in the spring?—the Villa Medici, up on the Fiesole Hill above Florence, awaits them. Its *châtelaine*, Lady Sybil Scott, is a cousin of Lord Lascelles, her mother, the Countess of Desart, being Lord Harewood's sister. Her father, Lord Desart, was Director of Public Prosecutions for many years. Lady Sybil has been twice married. Her first husband, Mr. William Cutting, was an American and a very popular Secretary to the American Embassy in London. He died in 1910, and after eight years of widowhood Lady Sybil married Mr. Geoffrey Scott. Her elder sister, Lady Joan Verney, is a Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary.

Lady Sybil and Mr. Scott live for the greater part of the year at their beautiful old villa at Fiesole. It was built originally in the fifteenth century by one of the magnificent Medici, the rulers and tyrants of Florence. After passing through many hands it was known for a long time as the Villa Spence, but under its present owners it has been re-given the name by which it was known for centuries. Florence still remembers the visit of Queen Victoria to the Villa Palmieri, and would rejoice to welcome her great-granddaughter and her *sposo*.

Photograph *Bassano*

Facts and Fairies

A MILLION million years ago
A Fairy Princess married;
A fairy breeze did softly blow
And bluebells, ranged in chiming row,
The joyous tidings carried.
In dockleaf coach of elfin size
This Princess went a-riding;
Her carriage-lamps were glow-worms' eyes;
Her milk-white steeds were butterflies,
Through sunshine swiftly gliding.

A band of starlight formed the crown
That wreathed her silken tresses,
And moonbeams, shot with thistledown,
Were spun to make her wedding gown
The daintiest of dresses.
The elves all joined the wedding-dance,
Tripping with airy lightness; [Romance
Those were the days when sweet
Had something like a sporting chance
To fill the earth with brightness.

But now those billion years have fled,
Into dark limbo banished;
The realm of fairyland, 'tis said,
Is numbered with the things long dead
And sweet Romance is banished.
The bluebell now no longer rings
In magic-haunted places;
To-day our mundane interest springs
From nasty unromantic things,
Like bowler hats and braces.

We follow blindly in the tracks
Of politics and pogo;
We reel beneath the brutal whacks
Of jumpers, jazz and Income Tax
(The thing that makes the "dough" go).
And yet Romance has made a stand,
One ray of sunlight shedding;
Though life is grey, a magic hand
Has woven in one shining strand . . .
We catch a glimpse of fairyland
In *our* Princess's wedding.

A. A. THOMSON

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE WEDDING WEEK

by Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"General celebration and rejoicin"

LONDON, *February* 27

DEAR COUSIN—

IT really is rather a lovely London this week. A far, far Brighter London, in fact, than we have ever had before—or, anyway, for quite a couple of years or so . . . which is as long ago as you can expect any mere human memory to reach back to—what?

卐

NED I tell you why? *Je ne pense pas*, as they say. For what woman worth her salt—or her early morning Souchong, or Ciro's lunch, or Savoy dinner, or Lewis hat, or Reville frock, or Asprey watch, and all the rest of it—isn't brightened up to the *n*+1*th* by the arrival on the world's so intriguing stage of even the very most ordinary and usual kind of wedding? And when it's a real *pukka*—

Right down regular,
Regular, regular,

Royal one to boot. . . . Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, as Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan once (I b'lieve) remarked.

卐

NOT only to be a regular Royal bride, I mean (or should I say ween?), though *they* don't seem to have an altogether hopelessly bad time of it. And spite of all one hears of how fearfully and frightfully trying and wearing it is to answer thousands of official letters of congrat. and acknowledge millions of loyal addresses and things, not sure I shouldn't be able to (more or less) bear with it all meself if simultaneously deluged with appropriate gifts of—

Diamond bracelets	Silver shoes
Pendants	Silk undies
Rings	Furs
Books	Gloves, etc.,

not to mention mere formal presentations of inkstands, tea services, solid silver model barges, model footballs, and the rest.

卐

MUST confess, in fact, I'd p'raps really rather *like* to be a Princess just for once, and have two thousand guests at my wedding, and another two thou. of those lovely bear-skinned Guards to see me to church, and a wedding cake nearly seven feet high, and eight bridesmaids of lofty lineage, and a wedding frock of cloth of silver, with spun silk train. . . . *And* my picture in THE BYSTANDER and *Graphic* and *Sunday Times*, and all the rest of the best papers afterwards, in nineteen different positions, quite regardless of space or cost!

卐

BUT 'tis also quite a glorious thing, I mean (or ween), to be just a regular loyal subject, and just bask in the atmosphere of general celebrating and rejoicing. And to see London once more—for the first time for simply hundreds and hundreds of years—a perfect pre-War forest of Venetian masts, pillars, and flags, bannerettes, and garlands, and gilt coronets, and monograms, and mottoes, and wreaths, and stands, complete with cheering crowds, and processions and illuminations to match.

"Back from the Riviera"

卐

AND even for mere regular loyal subjects there are, or have been (I ween), joys all their own in choosing just the right thing so as to wear (as all loyal subjects, of course, have simply got to) clothes truly and properly worthy of the occasion. Would be frightfully disloyal — wouldn't it? — to appear anywhere within even hundreds of miles of such a very special event without a very special frock and hat—not to mention shoes and stockings and things—of the sort (and price) that the very special circs. demand?

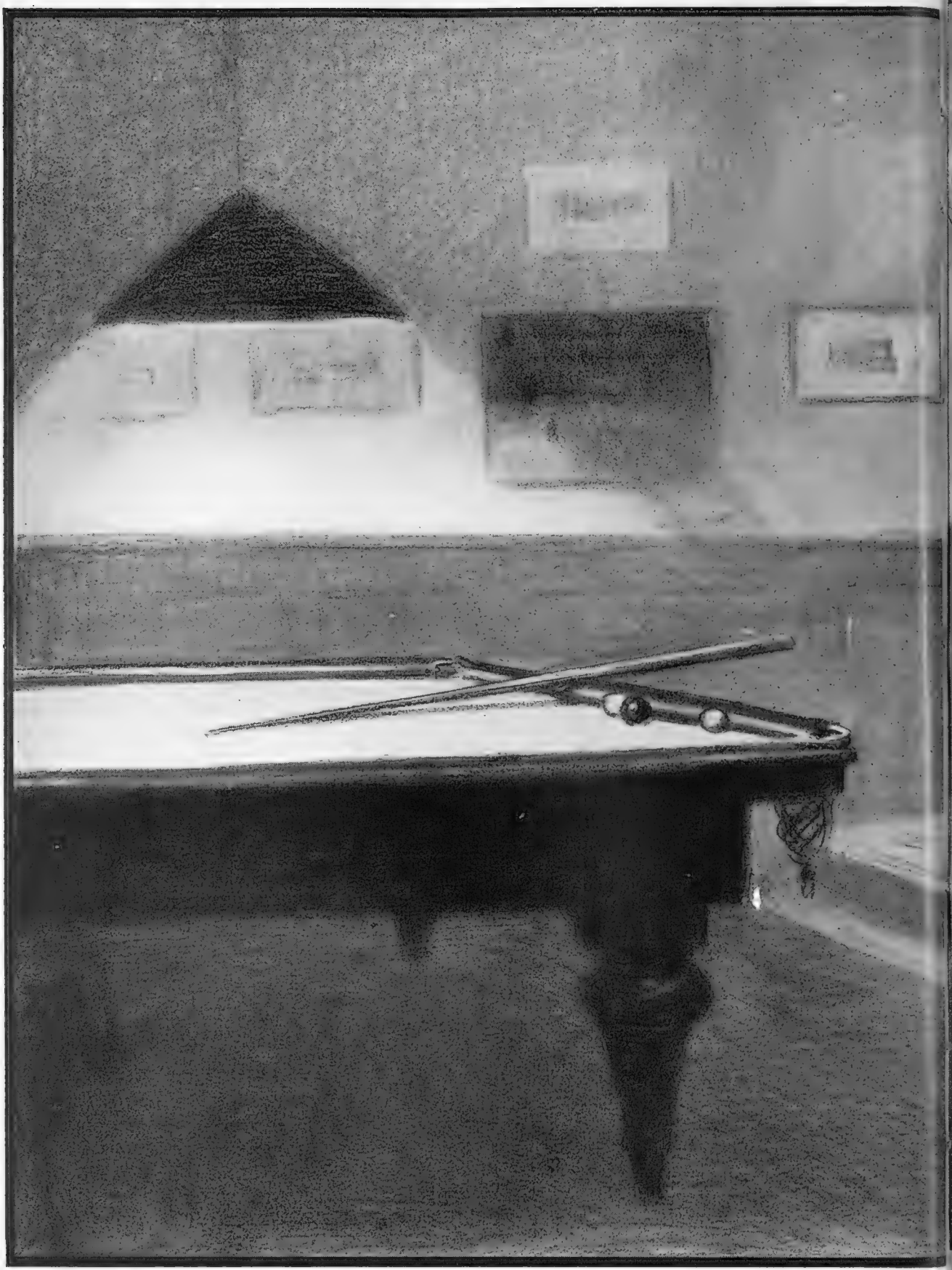
卐

RATHER lovely, isn't it, to *celebrate* just for once? To let oneself go utterly and entirely, recking naught of whether it's wise or sensible so to do, but just talk and shout and cheer and dine and dance loyally and violently in honour of the occasion. And especially, of course, dance. Heaps of opportunities therefor, by the way, in London now. Special "wedding" nights at Ciro's and almost everywhere—and then, too (need I tell you?), at the Albert Hall there's the great Wedding Ball.

卐

WHICH, I'm told, is going to do its best (to-morrow night as ever is) to rival even the Chelsea Arts Ball in the way of cheerful

(Continued on page 491)



THE CUSHION

BY WILMOT LUNT

GAME

THE WEDDING WEEK (*concluded*)

crowds and a packed house. And as they're going to hand round for public inspection (and use) a couple of monster bowls of old-fashioned punch, as per Mr. Pickwick's style, and specially composed from an authentic Dickens' recipe—well, I really think the hopes of the promoters thereof may possibly prove in the end to be not altogether ill-founded.

TALKING about a Joy Week in London this week, they are, and not sure really it isn't on the whole true, as Davy Burnaby now nightly tells his fellow Co-Optimists, that—

London's getting brighter every day.

Lots of bright new shows on, anyway—half-a-dozen or so due this week alone—and plenty of bright oldish ones, too, like *The Golden Moth*, where merely to hear Cicely Debenham sing about "gathering nuts in May," and W. H. Berry ejaculating "Stung!" at suitable intervals, with suitable facial contortions to match, is alone worth the price of admission, and more so, as they say (I believe) in the Bible.

AND London's not only getting brighter, but fuller every day, meseems. The winter sports season, of course, is well over by now, but even the Riviera people seem to have flocked back, a lot of 'em, much earlier than usual—p'raps, and in fact, I expect, really, because of that same Royal wedding which is making London so much brighter and fuller just now.

SUCH lots of new and exciting things in progess, too, here in London now. Great revival of the Tango, for one thing—yes, I know it's about the umpteenth time, but *this* time they really seem to be more than usually determined to do or die. Regular proper Tango competition there was at Murray's last week, when all the best dancers in London turned up and made a more than usually determined effort to boost this rather neglected Cinderella of dances into its proper place in the popular favour.

'COS, you know, it really *is* one of the loveliest sort of dances that ever was. And it has had some of the delightfullest languishing music written for it that ever was. *So* soft and pleasant, and, after all, everyone in Paris and the Riviera, not to mention the winter sports places, has been dancing it for quite a long while. So we shouldn't be absolutely (what London, I do b'lieve, hates above all things) patronising and cultivating something altogether quite new and strange and unbeknown to the rest of the world.

"The waist has dropped nearly down to the knees"

PARIS, by the way, *does* still set the fashions for us weak women, so I don't think there's *much* hope at present for "Lucile" realising her ideal of skirts reaching down to the ankle, and covered backs, and all the rest of it. Still try and keep up the old high waist, too, these dear old conservatives do, though, as a matter of fact, it's really dropped nearly down to the knees—and you've got to wear it there or you might as well (or better) be dead!

NOT that any of us can really afford any kind of frocks really—anyway, till they've got that two shillings off the income tax some of those nice commercial people are trying for—and not even then absolutely for certain, either, what with prices what they are, and 300 per cent. profits being gathered on even such prosaic elements of life as the mere ordinary common or garden cabbage. 'S a hard life these days, isn't it? But never mind, 's Royal Wedding Week this week, so no more complaints till next Monday—what?

ESPECIALLY as we've just been having, anyway, a taste of real spring. I mean when the snowdrops and the crocuses have once got their heads properly above ground, and the thrushes sing, and our doglets and things start their spring gambollings, and even the rain arrives in a sort of gentle, warmish drip instead of pitiless downpours . . . well, simply *can't* go on being altogether pessimists, even if we're all but paupers, can we?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"At the Albert Hall there's the great Wedding Ball"

"An' We'll be Weddin' Some Day"

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

SNOW BABIES

COATING THE PILL

BY E. L. ROBERTS

As I drifted into the smoking-room of the Thespians' Club I saw Bertie Wallington, the well-known impresario, sitting alone in a corner reading a manuscript.

He had the appearance of a criminal who has just buried the body and is hoping for the best. I walked up behind him and put my hand heavily on his shoulder.

He glanced round with a startled look on his face.

"Oh," he said, with a sigh of relief, "it's you."

"But it should obviously have been a policeman, Bertie. Judging from your general air of concentrated apprehension you have a guilty secret. Who has been murdered?"

"Don't be a silly ass," he snapped, "I haven't murdered anyone, but——"

He paused, and I sat down opposite him.

"You're up to some mischief," I diagnosed.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't so much mischievous as misguided," he protested.

"Well, whatever it is what is it?" I demanded.

He glanced round to make sure we were really alone. Then he leaned over and whispered:

"I'm considering—in fact, seriously thinking of producing a . . . a COMIC OPERA!"

I received this horrible confession with studied calm.

"That's nothing," I said. "It's been done before. I thought you were cogitating some really desperate deed such as reducing your prices, or giving away your programmes."

"But—" he leaned still closer, and whispered even more confidentially, "it's . . . BRITISH!"

"Ah!" I gasped, as the heroic dimensions of the plunge penetrated my inner consciousness, "that, of course, puts a different complexion on the matter . . . have you seen a doctor about it, old boy? You must be terribly run down—why not do the thing handsomely and trot off to the Riviera for a month or so?"

"I'm serious," he declared, with the air of an Early Christian Martyr who hears the stake (or whatever it was) being prepared for his reception.

"You're mad," I said, "a British comic opera——"

I laughed sceptically.

"If you don't believe me," retorted Bertie, "perhaps you'll believe your own eyes." And he thrust the manuscript he had been reading into my hands.

It was true. Positively I held in my hand that *rara*—and practically extinct—*avis*, an original British comic opera. I know it was original because the title page said so. To be concise, the complete specification was as follows:

"'IN MERRY MAYTIME'
(An Original Comic Opera),
by
WILLIAM SMITH
and
ARTHUR ROBINSON."

"But, dear old boy," I remonstrated, "there are only two of them."

"What do you mean—'only two of them'?"

"Well," I explained, "apparently these dare-devils, Smith and Robinson, have had the temerity to write the entire show—music, libretto and lyrics—and . . . it simply isn't done! What about the 'interpolated numbers by Blank,' and the 'additional lyrics by Dash'? What will happen on the first night when the audience shrieks for the authors, and a mere file instead of the customary strong platoon marches in front of the curtain?"

"Of course, the whole thing is a tremendous risk," admitted Bertie, "but I've made up my mind. The public is bellowing for British drama. They shall have it!" His lips set in a very-strong-and-silent-man line. "There's just one thing——"

"What's that?" I asked.

Bertie frowned.

"These confounded names," he said, reaching for the manuscript. "However British the opera may be, names like Smith and Robinson are quite impossible. There are limits. I've been trying to think out an alternative combination. How do you think this will do?"

He scribbled for a moment on the title-page and then passed it back to me. It read:

"'IN MERRY MAYTIME'
(An Original Comic Opera),
by
LOUIS DE LAMOUR
and
IVAN POPULOVSKI."

BY NORMAN KEENE

A SIGN OF THE WEEK

Born 1820————*Still going Strong!*

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, Stratford-on-Avon:—The Headquarters of the historic Garrick Jubilee Memorial to Shakespeare held in 1769.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What is't? a spirit?.....I might call him a thing divine."

SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE: "I cap thy compliment JOHNNIE WALKER. Thou, too, art 'a spirit of no common rate'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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For all occasions *For all ages* *For all complexions*

TÉCLA Pearls are quite appropriate on all occasions—at the Wedding, at the Opera, at Dinner, at the Dance, and even Shopping, where a diamond dog collar, for example, would be fatal.

Then again, whereas some jewels are considered too old for girls, and others too young for matrons, Técla pearls are suitable for both and tactfully avoid any reference to the subject of years.

And they are equally becoming whether worn by blondes, brunettes, or Titians.

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JENNY AT THE EMPIRE

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

It is distinctly Miss Edith Day's evening. In this piece she appears at first as Jenny, a domestic servant with a lovely voice. Someone has heard her singing while at work in the house, and decides that there is a future for her in the operatic world. It was Carlyle, I think, who said: "Give me the man who sings at his work," though the Sage of Chelsea did not say what he proposed to do with the fellow when he had got him. Gag him, perhaps, or else give him a tap with the coal-hammer. Jenny's experience is more fortunate. Having sung at her work, she attracts the attention of Jack Trender, who falls in love with her voice from afar, and feels sure that there must be a nice girl on the end of it. He is surprised to learn that Jenny is a domestic servant. In a former production Miss Edith Day was only a shop-girl, if I remember rightly; but here she has clearly risen several steps in the social scale, as anyone who employs, or has tried to employ, a domestic servant to-day will readily concede.

Jack Trender is a young man who is a bit of a songster himself, as Mr. Reginald Sharland, who takes the part, quickly demonstrates to our complete satisfaction. He discovers Jenny at a first floor window of Miss Cloot's High School for Girls, and talks to her from the garden below. Their relative positions suggest an up-to-date balcony scene, and Jack Trender at once declares himself to be Romeo to Jenny's Juliet. Duet accordingly, very much to the taste of the audience. Hereabouts we ought to introduce Mr. Mozart Orpheus Wagg, who is described as a millionaire musician. There is no reason, of course, why a millionaire should not be a musician, though I understand that not all musicians are millionaires. No doubt this particular millionaire, having heard money talk, wants to teach it to sing, especially as nowadays money is mostly represented by notes. (I said it first!) And by way of sinking deeper in the mire of cheap wit I will add that I have often heard pianists pound notes. But I must stop at that, or somebody will be going for the police.

Mr. Wagg (who pronounces his name Vag, to suggest a section of Wagner) badly needs a voice like Jenny's for his new opera. When he hears of Jack Trender's find he comes himself to the school garden to find out if the news is true. By way of finding an excuse for his intrusion thus far on the premises, he announces that he is a Government Surveyor come to measure up the ground; and as you never know what place the Government will break out in next, his story is naturally accepted as being perfectly authentic. To give further colour to the proceedings, Mr. Wagg drags a theodolite about the grounds with him, while Jack Trender runs here and there with a surveyor's tape. It is one thing, however, to hear and approve of the lovely voice and quite another to get into communication with the singer.

This is where the god from the clouds gets, as it were, his thumb in the pie. Miss Cloot, the very prim head-mistress of the school, has overheard the Romeo and Juliet duet, and is very naturally scandalised at such goings-on in the hearing of the young and unsophisticated girls under her care. Therefore Jenny is promptly bounced off the premises, and her box, which contains—but that is not our business—as I was saying,

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

her box is dumped down on the garden path, and Jenny is homeless once more. But not for long. Mr. Wagg promptly offers her a seat in his car so that he may drive her to London, a few miles away. Jenny naturally thinks twice before accepting the offer of a ride in a perfect stranger's car, but when Mr. Wagg promises to sit beside the chauffeur and leave her to occupy the inside of the car all by herself there is really nothing for Jenny to fear—or to hope for, as the case may be.

FROM the school garden we go to Mr. Wagg's London mansion, where Jenny develops her voice, and apparently puts in her spare time helping mother with the dusting. Mr. Wagg's ambition is to find a voice with a soul in it, and, strangely enough, it never occurs to him to ring up Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who, I am told, has practically a corner in this branch of merchandise. His contention tha we ought to find the sort of voice he wants as a home-grown product, and without going abroad to find it, is rather neutralised by the fact that Miss Edith Day, is, I believe, a lady of American nationality. But that need not worry her. Miss Day enjoys an extraordinary and well-deserved popularity in London which, in view of the distressing conditions obtaining in her own country, may, for all I know to the contrary, be her spiritual home, as it were. Anyway, she is firmly establ shed in the affections of the London public, and her delightful versatility in this production adds agreeably to her reputation among us. Just what this musical comedy would be without such an accomplished artist as Miss Day proves herself to be, I hardly like to think.

SHAUN GLENVILLE AS MR WAGG

MR. REGINALD SHARLAND, as Jack Trender, sings and acts very agreeably, and Mr. Billy Leonard, who is a natural humorist, does all that is possible with the rather asinine part of Mr. Wagg's secretary. But he gets a number of satisfactory laughs, in their right places, and these are a proper tribute to his genius. Mr. Shaun Glenville, a comedian of distinction, was, I understand, called upon to take up the part of Mr. Wagg at only a few days notice, so that he was not so humorous on the first night as he doubtless is by this time. I have noticed, however, that musical comedy audiences do not care for humour that is too subtle, so that it may well be that Mr. Glenville knows from experience the—ah—oh, yes, of course—the stuff to give them. That's it.

MAIDIE ANDREWS EDNA BELLONINI AND BILLY LEONARD

MR. J. H. BARNES

IT is with very great pleasure that I respond to the request of the organisers to refer on this page to the Testimonial Matinée in honour of the veteran actor, Mr. J. H. Barnes—"Handsome Jack" they called him when I was young, and the compliment stuck to him or ever after. It must be nearly forty years since I went to Drury Lane Theatre to see Mr. Barnes as "Macbeth," though I really beg to assure you that I was frightfully young at the time.

WELL, the point about Handsome Jack is that the Testimonial Matinée will take place at the Palace Theatre on Friday, March 17, commencing at 2 p.m. Mr. Barnes will appear as Cardinal Wolsey in the "Fall" scene; and Sir Charles Hawtrey, with characteristic good nature, will help by appearing in a sketch by the versatile Miss Gertrude Jennings. Mr. Ben Davies will sing, as will also Mr. Alfred Lester and Mr. George Robey. Ellen Terry has promised to recite, and Miss Madge Titheradge and Mr. God'rey Tearle will help to make the afternoon a memorable one.

MR. BARNES has been an actor for fifty years, and a gentleman always. By many, myself included, he is considered as occupying the highest position in his profession to-day. He has never failed to place his services or his purse at the disposal of any and every good cause, and I trust that on March 17 (2 p.m.) the theatre-goers of London will roll up in their might to do honour to a very proper man. JINGLE

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Orient

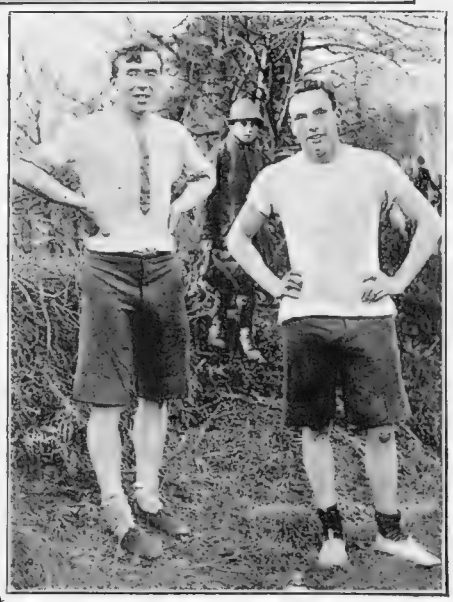
SPORTS OF THE WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

A BREAK THROUGH BY CAMBRIDGE

In the 'Varsity hockey match at Beckenham last Wednesday which ended after a stirring encounter in a victory for Cambridge by three goals to two, Oxford having led at one time in the first half by 2—1. Cambridge owed their victory mainly to the superiority of their forwards and the narrowness of it is accounted for by the sterling defence of Oxford, for whom the captain, W. P. Phillips, in goal, and H. L. Price at centre half performed prodigies of valour. H J. F Smith (left half) also played extremely well. Cambridge have now won thirteen matches to Oxford's twelve and three have been drawn



Photograph *L. N. A.*

H. W. KERR (left) AND W. J. CHRISTIE

Who finished first and second in the Eton Senior Mile, the final heat of which was run off on the Dorney Road at Eton on the Monday of last week. Kerr won after a fine race by three yards.

Photograph *Sport and General*

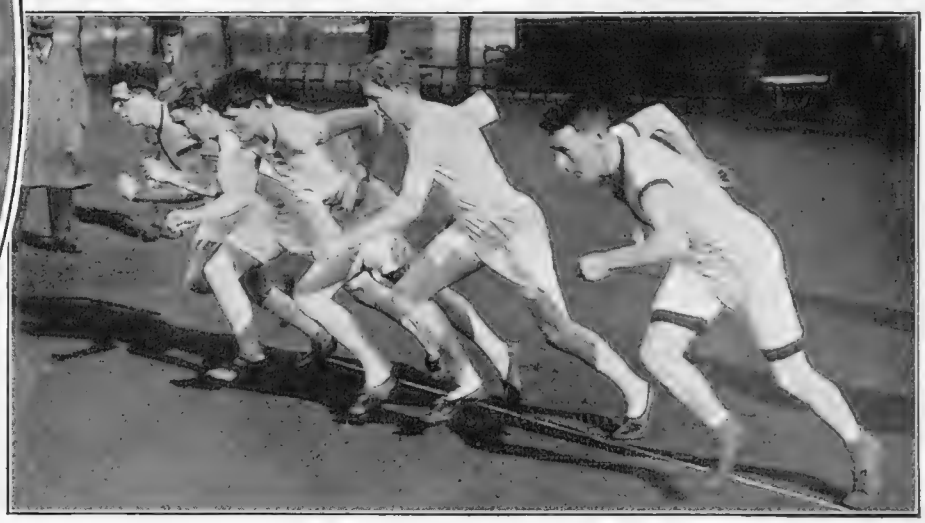
MISS ETHEL MUCKELT

Who, in the course of a few weeks at St. Moritz, has won quite an extraordinary number of prizes for skating. She resides at Temperley, Manchester, and has been invited to represent England at the World's Skating Championships next year

Photographs

E. R. H. SEDDON

The Cambridge "Rugger" Blue, winning the long jump for Clare in the final (Division II) of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Sports, with a jump of 20 ft.



L.N.A.

THE START OF THE MILE

In the final of the Second Division of the Cambridge University Inter-Collegiate Sports between Clare and Corpus. The race was won for Clare by W. R. Seagrove, the long distance and cross-country Blue, who is seen furthest from the camera. Clare beat Corpus by 57½ to 42⅔ points

Photograph *Topical Press*

SOME OF THE NOTABLE PEOPLE WHO LOOKED ON

At the Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham. Left to right: Mr. Robin Wilson, Hon. Monica Wilson, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. A. Wilson Filmer, Sir J. Milbanke, Lady Mahon, Lady Wimborne, and Mr. Richard Briscoe

Photograph *G. P. U.*

KEENNESS PERSONIFIED

In the Inter-hospital Rugby-cup tie, in which Bart's (thin stripes) beat Thomas's by three tries to a goal, and so qualified to play Guy's in the semi-final

Photograph *Central News*

THE HON. IVOR GUEST

Son of Lord Wimborne, winning the Steward's Cup at the Cambridge University Steeplechases on his own horse "Gargantua"

Photographs

A DEAD-HEAT IN THE HALF MILE

Between G. M. Bruxner (left) and W. R. Milligan, both of Univ." in the final of the Oxford University Inter-Collegiate Sports

Sport and General

LEVEL PEGGING OVER THE HURDLES

In the final of the Oxford University Inter-Collegiate Sports on Tuesday last, of which University, for whom Bruxner and Milligan (shown in the adjacent picture) were also first and second respectively in the mile, were the winners. For Queen's, who were second, R. Stapledon won the hurdles in excellent time

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

"John"

ANOTHER link with the past is severed by the death of John Porter. You have only to glance at his wonderful record at Kingsclere to realise what a wonderful trainer he was. "Yes, but look at the men he trained for and the horses he got," some of the cynics will say. True, but don't forget that John started in a modest way, without any special interest at the back of him. It was a combination of sheer ability, devotion to duty, and the most scrupulous regard for his patrons' interests that enabled him to make his way to the front. Ultimately he was rightly regarded as the leader of his profession.

Trainers and Betting

I AM often amused at the attitude of some of the modern school of trainers. They appear to imagine that owners send them horses mainly with the object that the trainers should have good bets on them. John was never like that. He was in no sense a betting man. Only twice in his life did he risk as much as £100 on a race, and on one of these occasions he had the quaint experience of beating himself with his own second string. I refer, of course, to Throstle's amazing success in the St. Leger. His reluctance to risk his hard-earned money in the betting ring is typical of a number of other successful trainers. Alec Taylor, for example, bets very seldom, and then only in a very modest manner.

"Don't Rely On It"

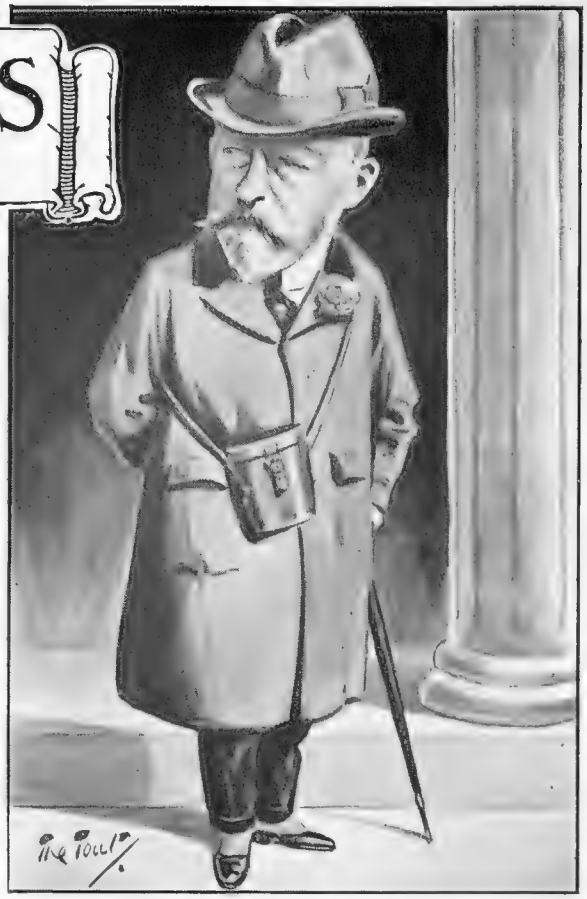
A FAMOUS trainer, who died not long ago, said to his son when the latter was starting in the same profession, "My boy, never rely upon betting." And that advice came from a man who had the reputation of backing his own horses with considerable success. I know a successful trainer at Newmarket who cannot resist the temptation of having a bet on almost every race. He nearly always comes out on the wrong side at the end of the year!

Looking Ahead

THIS winter the Derby has not been talked about as much as usual. The reason is that nobody trusts the two-year-old form of 1921. Month after month of very hard ground turned everything topsy-turvy. There is, therefore, a general impression that the Derby will go to a colt who did not distinguish himself last season—perhaps to one who has not yet been seen in public. This being the prevailing idea, no wonder that there has been no winter betting on the Derby worth speaking of. If the premier race is to go to the Manton stable, Tamar will do the trick. He is a colt of immense possibilities, but I think I am right in saying that even Alec Taylor knows very little about him. Beckhampton's prospects will, I imagine, centre on Drake's Drum. Those connected with him think he was really unlucky not to win the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. If that view is correct, it brings Lord Glanely's colt bang into the picture. Like Tamar, he has wintered satisfactorily.

Newmarket Cracks

I WAS at Newmarket one day last week and heard good accounts of the progress of Pondoland. Mr. Solly Joel's other Derby colt, Polyhistor, is not liked so much. The critics declare that he has rather a feminine appearance. I heard glowing accounts of Mr. Peter Gilpin's three-year-olds. The Clarehaven stable is quite likely to play a prominent part in the coming classic races. Then there is Schiehallion, a colt who was seen only once last season, and then won his race in convincing fashion. I remember being much struck with him when I looked him over in the paddock. He is a colt of fine size and quality, and as a son of Polymelus he is quite likely to improve. in fact, I am assured that he is doing extremely well. Thus it is certain that the Derby will be fully up to average interest.



By "The Tout"

THE EARL OF HAREWOOD
Outside the weighing-room at Newmarket

Golden Corn

IN the One Thousand and the Oaks the chief point of interest will be to see whether Golden Corn can continue her victorious career. Will she make a stayer? Nobody can say for certain. The chances are that she will get the Rowley Mile and win the One Thousand, but the mile and a half at Epsom will be a different proposition. I had a glimpse of Golden Corn when I was at Newmarket, and no filly could have made better progress. She has not grown much, but that is not a disadvantage, for last season she was already as big as many three-year-olds.

This Week's Sport

WE saw some of the most interesting National Hunt racing of the season at Newbury last week, and from now until the Grand National interest in this branch of sport is sure to be keenly sustained. The mid-week attraction is Kempton Park. **The Winter King** should prove equal to giving the weight away in the St. James's Hurdle Race on Wednesday, but in the absence of Lord Rosebery's colt I shall expect one of Mr. Percy Heybourn's horses to win. In the Middlesex Steeplechase on the following day **Morganatic Marriage** may make a successful first appearance over fences. Gatwick will have some good sport for us at the end of the week, including the Champion Hurdle Cup, which **White Heat** should retain. We saw at Lingfield recently that the notion that Lady Watts's horse had deteriorated was quite erroneous.

Eventually— why not NOW?

It is significant that in these dignified publications the only Turf Accountants' Advertisements appearing are "Duggie's"

THIS IN ITSELF eloquently stamps "Duggie" with the Hall Mark of integrity, and coupled with the fact that he has originated all the well-known concessions to backers, such as NO LIMIT on Singles, Doubles or Accumulators combined with Place Betting when favourite starts "odds on," and payment in full of lost or wrongly translated wires, it can safely be claimed that here is ***Absolute Security*** combined with ***liberality.***

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on Jan. 27, 1922, said:
"About this time last year we stated that not once in the course of many years have we had a single justifiable complaint against Mr. Douglas Stuart or his methods of business and with the passing of another year **this enviable reputation has been fully maintained."**

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Femina

ON ROYAL WEDDINGS AND ONE IN PARTICULAR

PRINCESSES were better off in the fairy tale days, when they made a wedding-dress out of moonbeams and running water, and took for a train three yards or so of star-spangled sky. Then the "creation" had some chance of being—exclusive's the word. But nowadays it's poor fun being a princess when any American millionairess may (and not only may, but does) beat you at your own game of magnificence. She, the millionairess, I mean, has no *noblesse oblige* to consider. No patriotic scruples prevent her from ordering where she chooses. And if at Lyons they happen to weave miracles out of moonbeams and running water and star-spangled skies—one orders at Lyons. But a Princess of the Blood isn't of the Blood for nothing.

THAT'S what I said before I had seen the dress with which Princess Mary had managed to reconcile her feeling for beauty and her duty to her country. Having seen it I've reconsidered everything. It looks as if we could beat at their game the people who so far have made a corner in the moonbeam business. Give a dog a good name, and everybody applauds him; it's all a question of reputation and luck. I saw before me the dazzling prospect of Spitalfields (was it Spitalfields, I wonder?) and Bethnal Green (if it was Bethnal Green), with their silk looms all humming again with the world's orders for wedding trains.

SUCH a vision of loveliness was Princess Mary's wedding dress, with its shimmering silver and its wonderful pearl embroideries. Who would have dreamt that so much talent blushed unseen among us? Perhaps they'll dream it now. Perhaps all the lovely *grandes mondaines* will buy their gorgeosities in England, just as the *snob*, as the Paris man about town calls himself, orders his clothes from a Bond Street tailor and has his shirts ironed in London. Why the British laundry ways should appeal to him, when in his own country they deal far more mercifully with linen, I can't imagine.

DREAMS of beauty are evanescent, like the moonbeams that they're made of, and the cobwebs that they resemble. Princess Mary's wedding-dress has a foundation of silver which is as lovely as a cloud at dawn. But, unfortunately, no one as yet has invented a cloth of silver which doesn't tarnish in the course of time, and a short time, too. Its proper place, of course, is the museum, where it would cheer up enormously the glass cases devoted to other Royal dresses. They, poor dears, always strike me as pitifully inadequate to the great occasion which they were supposed to adorn. There is Queen Victoria's dress, for instance, just plain white satin and a wreath of orange blossom, exactly the sort of thing that everybody wore because, I suppose, it was the thing to do, especially for a Queen.

DO you like historic scenes? Always attached to them is the feeling that one lives in stirring times though, moment by moment, they're not very different from ordinary times. One thinks consolingly how nice it will be by and by to tell the children, if one can get them to listen, which, of course, one can't. Children have a way of being bored by the history that's made by their relations. If some survivor of that great day in 1840 were to enthuse to me over the Queen's wedding, and how wonderful she looked in her white satin, and how charming were her twelve bridesmaids with their wreaths of pink roses, and how orders were more plentiful than blackberries, and one trod on peers and peeresses—well, I'd yawn politely. One impressive scene is very like another impressive scene, and in these days of cinemas nothing is sacred and exclusive and wonderful any more.

Copyright Photograph *Reville Studios*

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDAL GOWN

A glittering sheen of silver and jewelled embroidery reflecting soft white lights is the effect this beautiful gown conveys. Of a richness and simplicity unique, Mr. Reville, of Hanover Square, has surpassed himself in the designing of a truly wonderful gown

ALL the same, there never was such a Royal wedding. Think only of the invitations to the Abbey! The duchesses in their velvet and sables, and the Labour men's wives in their black satins! There's a really historic scene for you! There's something that will amuse the children! But will it? I'm not at all sure. If, in another hundred years, there should be another Royal wedding, we talk in ifs nowadays, what will be the proportion of duchesses and Labour men's wives? What indeed? And what will they wear? The black satin will have changed backs, I rather think. But it's not good to dive into a foggy future, and, after all, the duchesses have had it their own way for so long.

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The Services as a Career

BY "BOW-WINDOW"

THESE are uncertain times for sailors and soldiers. Nearly every battalion is wondering whether or not it is one of the ones ear-marked for disbandment under the Geddes scheme. Many a sailor, at present on half-pay, is wondering whether he will ever again tread a quarter-deck.

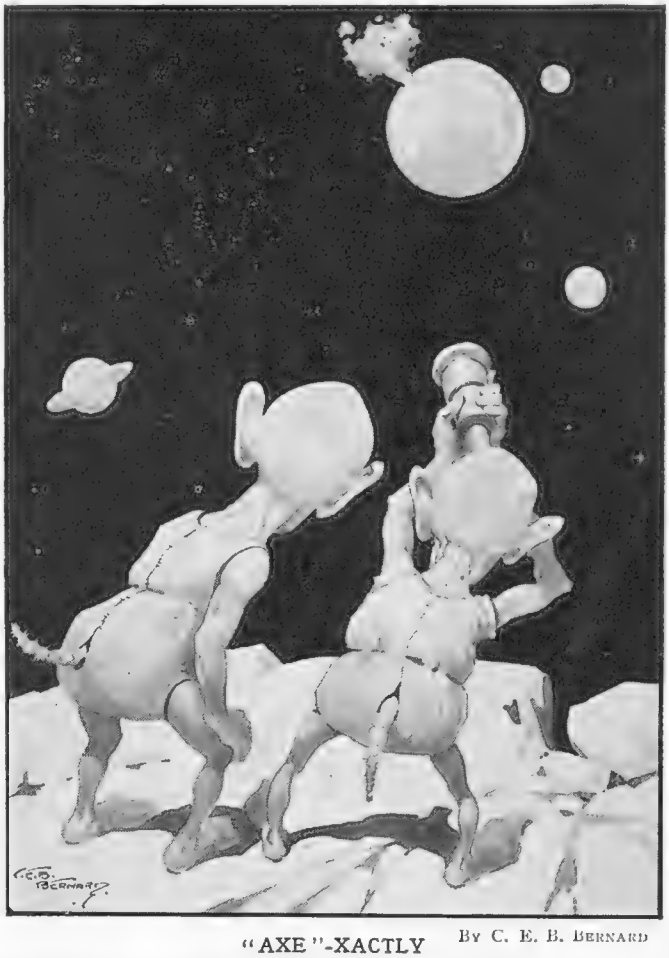
AT this period when the whole country is staggering under the burden of taxation, every member of the community must take his share in relieving the load. Soldiers and sailors realise this, and when the time comes for them to lay down their arms, they will do so in the same spirit as they stood to arms during the nation's hour of trial; they won't "squeal."

BUT when they have done so, let one thing be remembered. *These men are sacrificing their careers.* Think of it, you doctors, lawyers, scientists, and business men; think of it you wives and children who have husbands and fathers absorbed in their work. Spare a thought for the Naval officer or soldier who has been suddenly "beached" in the prime of his life.

IT is to be hoped that many will find employment in civil life. But they may not. The attitude of the average business man on this matter is that a man who has been a soldier or sailor since leaving school can know nothing about business; that if taken into a firm it can only be in the capacity of a "passenger," and that in these times of trade depression the firm cannot afford to carry "passengers" and all hands must be able to pull their weight. And that's that, so far as the ex-Service man is concerned, when he tries to get employment.

IT must be a matter of speculation what effect the Geddes "cut" will have upon the Services in the future. Will parents still regard the Army or Navy as a grand career for their sons; or will they consider future prospects altogether too precarious? Before the War many a parent, who could have put his son into business, was happy to allow him to become a soldier or a sailor. He said the Army was a good life for a young fellow; and a good life it was. What better training can a lad of 18–20 have than Sandhurst or Woolwich; learning to ride, to shoot, to do gymnastics, to stand still and not flinch under reproof, to look the world in the face, and acquire deep in him the spirit of an officer and a gentleman. With all due respect to the universities, I cannot see how their curriculum can be more valuable in moulding character than the training of an Army cadet. Again, take the age from 20 to 25, when the subaltern has just joined his regiment. Perhaps he joins the "foreign" battalion, and spends four or five years abroad seeing the world. India, China, Egypt—maybe in half a dozen years he will have travelled from one end of the Empire to another. It must be good for him to get all this experience.

WHICH leads me to this final conclusion. The Geddes "cuts" may be necessary; the personal sacrifice that must be borne by individual officers may be inevitable. But if throughout the public schools and sanctums where papas and mammas discuss the future of their progeny there spreads a feeling that neither the Army nor the Navy are any longer wise careers for young men, the nation will suffer an irreparable loss. *And if these officers are jettisoned it is inevitable that such a feeling should spread.*



"AXE"-XACTLY By C. E. B. BERNARD

1ST MARTIAN: "There's an explosion on Earth. Some volcanic eruption, perhaps?"

2ND MARTIAN: "Oh, no. That must be the Geddes report we have heard so much about"

"BLACK Sheep Among Motorists," runs a headline. They should be "baa'd!"

* * *

THE aviators and groundsmen of a projected air company, we note, will all be Scotsmen. We feel emboldened to predict that their closest approach to an accident will be a "near" thing.

* * *

OF the new White Star liner, *Homeric*, it is said that seventeen men can stand upright in each of her funnels. As, however, provision for 529 first-class passengers is afforded amidships, we presume the funnels will only be available during rush hours.

By appointment

By appointment

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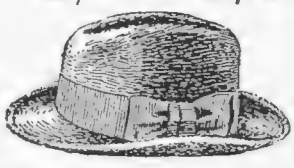

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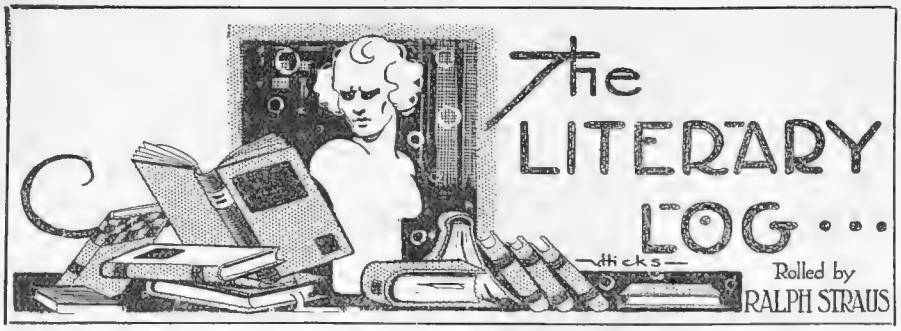


As a writer of school stories Mr. Desmond Coke has few rivals, and as the discoverer of that bizarre authoress, Miss Belinda Blinders, he has made scores of friends; but he is also a novelist of distinction. *The Comedy of Age*, published years ago, was a most original piece of work, and in *Helena Brett's Career* I like to think that he devised one of the cunningest of plots. Now with the publication of *Pamela Herself* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) he reaches his high-water-mark. The book, primarily, is an extraordinarily clever study of a woman in surroundings which are alien and unsympathetic. Pamela at seventeen gaily marries the earnest and unhumorous headmaster of Sefton, and finds soon enough that she has a serious rival in his affections. Not, I hasten to add, another lady, but—The School. With the Rev. Henry The School is his life, his wife just a necessary embellishment of that life. In time, of course, she will "help" him. In time The School will mean to her all that it means to him. That is what he confidently expects. But Pamela is a vivacious creature, about as old as his senior boys, and the world on the other side of the green baize door never interests her. There is nothing of the schoolmistress about her; she is just a woman who *doesn't* want to *share* her man.

A SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST

Mr. W. A. Darlington, whose first novel, "Alf's Button," achieved very big sales, and whose new book, "Wishes, Limited" (Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net), is reviewed on this page

And so, of course, matters don't go very well, until the children appear, a girl and a boy. Then, while they are growing up, it does not matter so much that Henry so rarely comes to her side of the green baize door: she has *them*. Here Mr. Coke is amazingly good: Pamela the mother is his most finished character. But children grow up (even if mothers sometimes do not); the girl marries at seventeen, and the boy is, very wisely, sent to another school. Again Pamela is left alone, dreading the day, not far distant, it seems, when her boy will be fighting. What to do? She demands that the boy be brought to Sefton, where, as it happens, the Rev. Henry has just been lucky enough to secure an old Seftonian, wounded in the War, as one of his masters. The boy is brought back, and there follows the most poignant tragedy. For not only does Pamela see the profound mistake she has made, but with the coming of Brian Lever a new interest has arisen. She is still a young woman, and her son hates the man who is becoming her lover. Worse, he plays the fool at Brian's expense, and is expelled. Pamela pleads for him, but Henry in a memorable scene refuses to listen. And so Pamela finds herself and——. You must discover the sequel for yourself.

I have said that in the delineation of Pamela Mr. Coke has surpassed himself; but the book is much more than a mere piece of character-drawing. It contains a fine story, and you are compelled to read the last half at a sitting. Almost until the end you are left in doubt as to what she will do, and when she has taken her decision you are almost angry with Mr. Coke for bringing his story to an end. And yet it is as unquestionably the right ending as *Pamela Herself* is its author's best book.

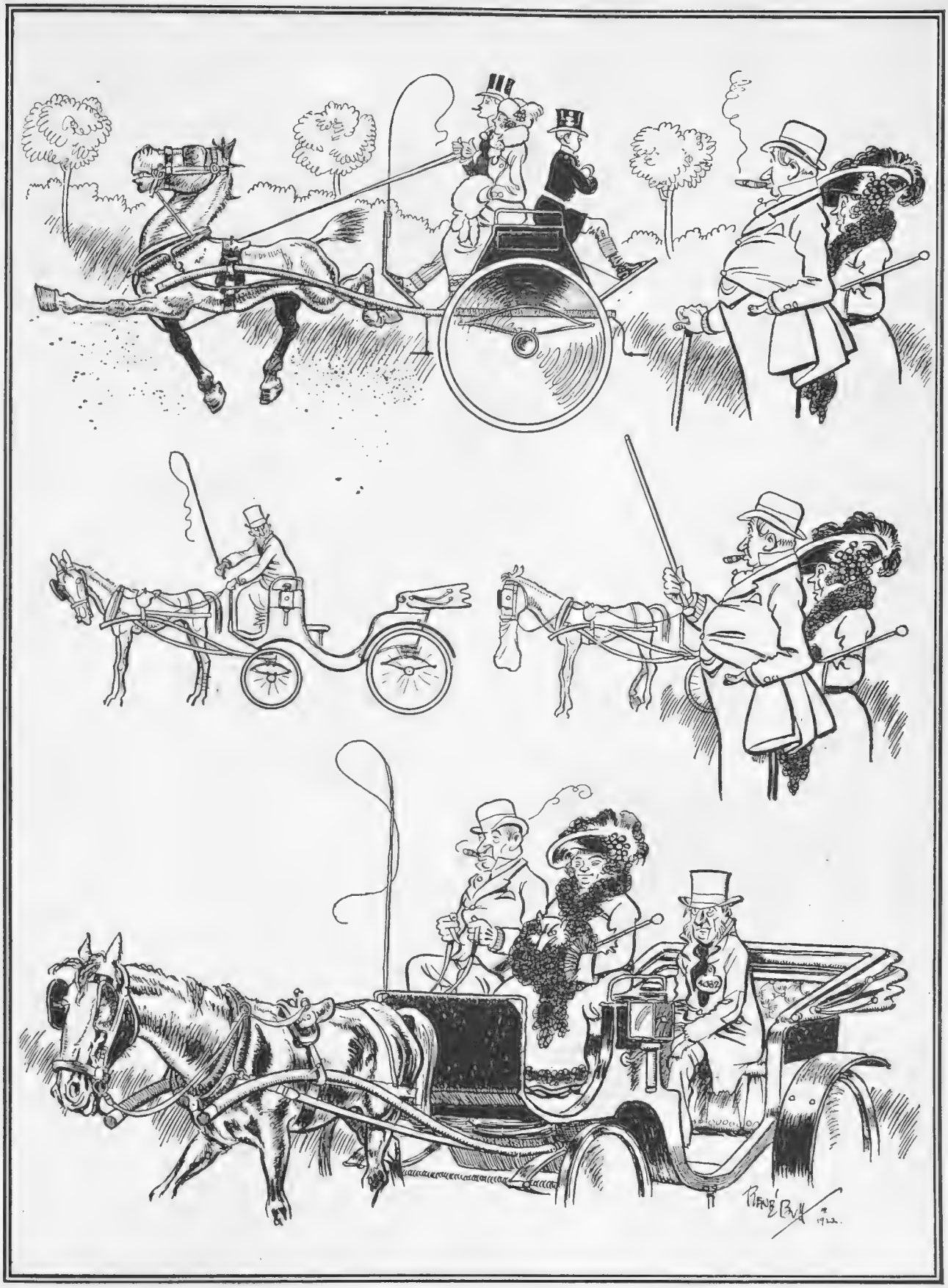
One of the most successful films for which the Hepworth Company has been responsible is "Alf's Button," a ludicrous story of a soldier on active service in France who happens to find himself the possessor of a magic button with a nice kind genie attached. The author of the novel of the same name was Mr. W. A. Darlington, the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and, incidentally, a cricketer of note. Obviously, Mr. Darlington is a man who would like to see the good old days back again, days, I mean, when genii and fairy-godmothers and enchanters were rampant. Yet he is decidedly not the man to write, say, *The Authentic History of Fairyland*. You have only to read his new book, *Wishes Limited* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), to be certain on that point. For quite outrageously, he has dared to introduce us to a fairy-godmother who is having labour troubles with her genii, and whose gifts in consequence are not at all the sort of gifts one would like. They are not even fairylike.

You can imagine the fun of the thing. Young Benstead, a budding novelist, wants a success in order to get married. Oh, for a fairy-godmother! Hey presto! And that harassed lady appears. Naturally, she is eager to help, but—things are not what they were. These Trade Unions. . . . However, her godson shall have one wish a month *if* the genii don't strike. And so Benstead asks for a best-seller, and finds himself the author of one of those revolting psychological stories which everyone condemns and—buys. This is bad enough, because, as you know, an author is always supposed to be guilty of all the horrible things which his villains may do; but the fairy-godmother also has occasion, in a fit of ill-temper, to turn a solicitor-friend of Benstead's into a black-beetle, and the poor man has a most unhappy time keeping the solicitor alive and properly fed. What on earth *do* black-beetles feed on? Things, moreover, go from bad to worse, and when the genii do strike——. Well, there is a fine old mess. Mr. Darlington has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and this second book will probably have just as big a sale as his first. I suggest for his third the idea of a man who really discovers the Elixir of Life.

Who is the mysterious and sinister and very anonymous "Mr. Brown" who causes all the trouble in Agatha Christie's new

(Continued on page 512)

Celebrating Their Silver Wedding



BY RENE BULL

DOING IT IN STYLE

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

story, *The Secret Adversary* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net)? He might be any of the curious people with whom those pleasant youngsters, Miss Tuppence and Mr. Tommy meet during their exciting and dangerous investigation. Really, they are commissioned to find a certain Jane Finn, who has disappeared with important State papers. There is an American millionaire to help them, and also a British M.P. And I would be willing to bet a fiver that you will not be certain of the villain's identity until such time as Mrs. Christie allows you to know it. You may guess, but—. All of which means that *The Secret Adversary* is a rattling good story of the breathless kind. R. S.

Sin Amongst the Angels

A New Book by Ralph Straus

Every woman is two women, and Miss Belt of The Grange, Croome, an English inland watering-place, found it so. Never heard of her! Well, that's a pity. You must make her acquaintance, and you can do so in Mr. Ralph Straus's new novel, *Volcano* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). You will find her rather chilly at first, this spinster lady of forty or so, who set the social tune in Croome, and expected other people to play it. Oh! she was ever so "respectable," nay, prudish, and a "vigilance committee" for Croome was in her thoughts and partly in her action. Oddly enough, it was while prospecting the Common one night in this spirit that she came by the adventure which released the other Miss Belt. Naturally, the adventure was a man, "A very young man, almost a boy. And there was something very picturesque about his pose, picturesque and—attractive." Yes, a "surprisingly handsome young man," and the moon was out, and the devil's in the moon, says Byron, and the Common was empty, and, very improper as it all was, they spoke, and lingered speaking, those two, the second Miss Belt and Mr. James Ruffe, late R.N.

REVIVING "THE YELLOW JACKET"

Benrimo, who is producing a revival of "The Yellow Jacket," the fantastic burlesque of the Chinese play, which had a great success here before the War

That was the budding of the mischief, that was when the fun began, though the extreme, the unlikely, indiscretion of which Miss Belt was guilty came later. If you want to know what it was, and the various places to which it extended, for it persisted because she liked it, you must read Mr. Straus's "frolic" yourself. "Bless my soul," chuckled the Duchess about something, and you will chuckle, for here is good whimsey, of the lightly satirical sort, good comedy, because it might all have happened at Bath, or Malvern, or some other most correct watering-place, and then, please note, it is so very well written. Thank you, Mr. Novelist, and pray do it again, for your Miss Belt is very English, you know, and very lovable when she breaks bounds and goes the pace in a nice-womanly way. J. M.

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An Airy Sprite of Spring

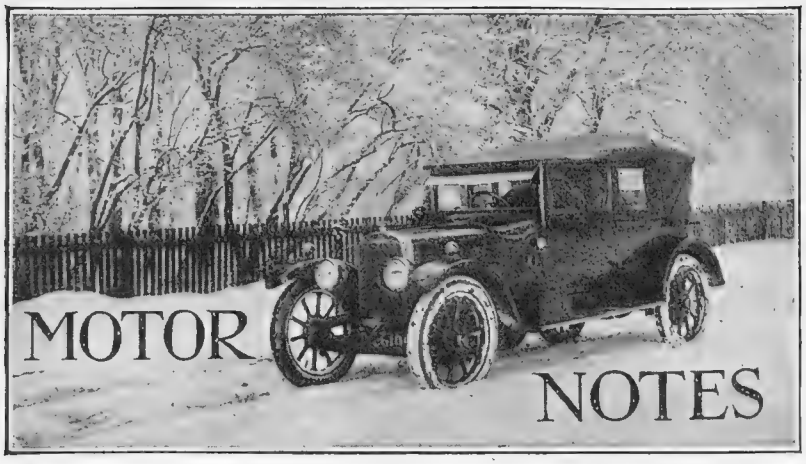
Photograph *Stuart Black*

Photograph *Claude Harris*

Photograph *Stuart Black*

MISS SHEILA MOLONEY

Who plays the juvenile part of Juanillo, the toreador's son, in "Blood and Sand" at the New Theatre. Miss Moloney, who is only fourteen, is here seen as she appeared in "Fifinella." She has danced with Elise Craven at the Paris Alhambra, and gave a very successful performance as Michael in "Peter Pan" last year



A 14 H.P. SUNBEAM FOUR-SEATER MOTORING THROUGH THE SNOW

I NOTICE that Sir Julian Orde, the genial Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, has reached Los Angeles in his travels to gain complete health. He posted some cuttings to the *Autocar* from that city dealing with motorists' troubles, but the idea of one of these, a demand from the "Union" of electricians for an allowance from the Chicago Corporation for such in their employ of 125 dollars a month for the upkeep of each man's private car to go to and from his work is great. This sum represents about £30 per month at the present rate of exchange, and gives you some idea of what the American workman's views are as to the cost of upkeep of a "flivver," which is the usual workman's bus, though I do hear that the new Gray car at £120 is a coming rival to the £75 Ford. Still, fancy a car that costs you £75 f.o.r. at the works running you in for an upkeep of £30 per month.

* * *

BRITISH-BUILT "light" cars don't cost their owners this sum by a very wide margin, however big their mileage per month, so first cost is not everything, or else the electricians of Chicago want to make a bit on their expenses. Anyway, it makes you think that however we may be taxed and the high cost of motoring, England still remains the most economical land for lovers of the high road and the low road to use their cars in.

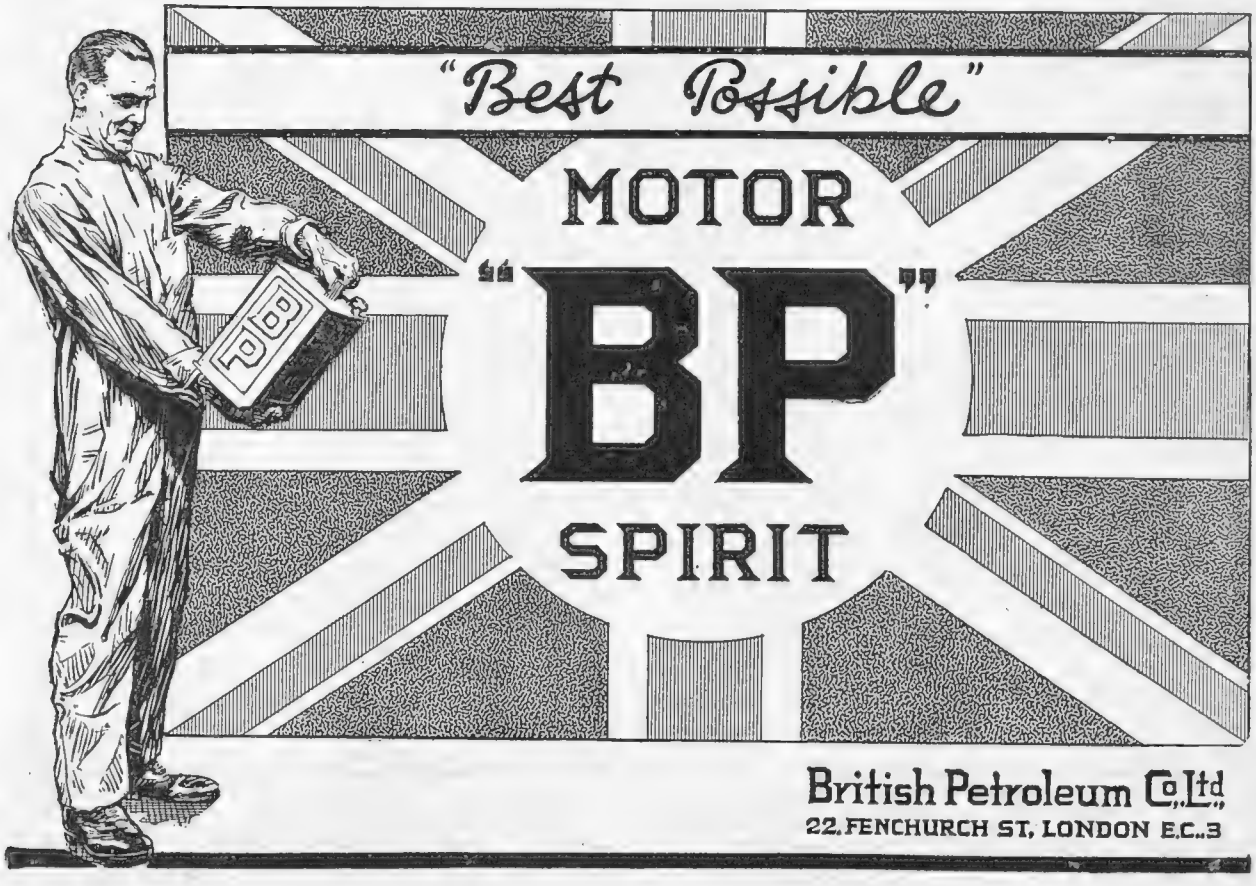
* * *

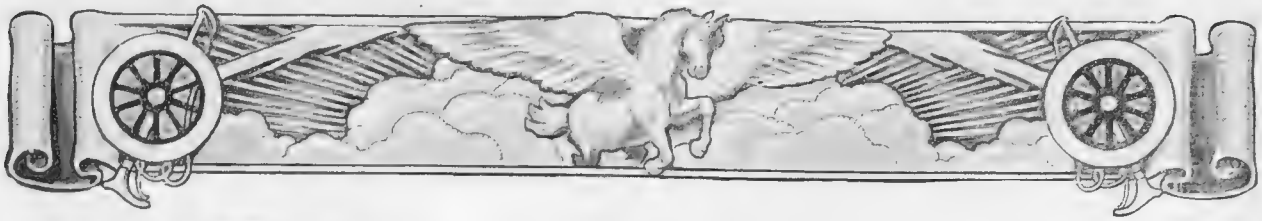
SPRING is coming and the winter is passing away, yet the dazzle light at night problem is as far from being solved as it was at the beginning of last autumn, when everybody seemed to offer advice and ideas in regard to one's lights on the car. Personally, I have come to the conclusion that the holophane type of glass front for the headlights, and, perhaps, a cover to damp out the top rays and reflect them down to the road in place of letting them soar heavenwards, gives less annoyance to others than most forms of anti-dazzle devices. Also, one of Kent's blue glass glare guards on the front screen saves your eyes if an ultra-powerful glare is met with, as, notwithstanding all the talk of dimming and dipping lights, it is the sudden arrival of the extra special powerful lighting round a corner that may do you in, which is at once countered by the blue glass.

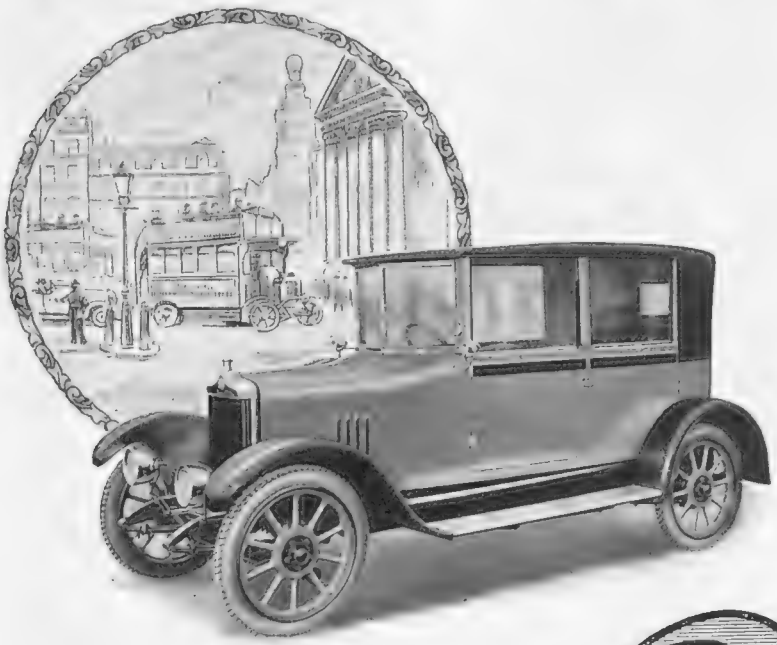
* * *

ANYWAY, the more one considers the problem the less one feels the need of legislation on this matter. Motorists for their own safety and desire to avoid accidents with other users of the roads will take due precautions without the "compulsory order" of some half-baked measure of legislation. And, after all, the number of accidents at night time is not on the increase in proportion to the number

(*Continued on page 518*)







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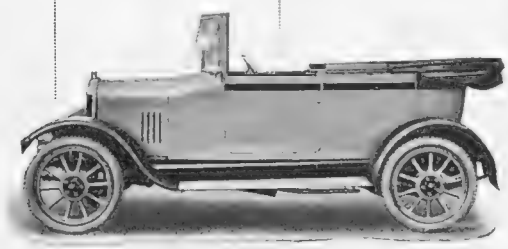

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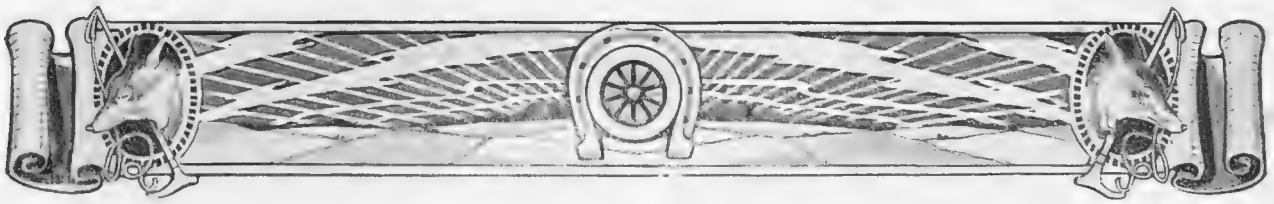


MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

of cars on the roads. All figures rather point the other way.

* *
*

It may seem somewhat chilly to think about water motors, but now is the time to give your order for your motor-boat if you want it ready for the coming season. Which, by the way, is going to be a very good one if all I hear is true. To begin with, the Royal Motor Y.C. and the British Motor-Boat Club are to hold a long-distance race this year for prizes presented by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders; 200 to 300 miles is the distance round the Isle of Wight to Havre and back to Poole, or some such similar course will be set, so some of the navigators better get busy studying tides and currents.

* *
*

My motor-boating friends that use the Thames as their water might note that White, the boat-builders at Sittingbourne, are building a number of skiffs fitted with an outboard motor. The length is 16 ft. and a beam of 4 ft., with a specially strong stern frame for taking the outboard motor. This should be a nice "family" boat, and not expensive to buy or maintain. One of the Upper Thames boat-builders, the Walton-on-Thames Launch Company, have under construction a 28 ft. motor cruiser, which is almost completely covered in. Its actual length is 28 ft. 2 in., with a beam of 6 ft. 3 in., and is to be fitted with a converted six-cylinder Buick car engine, ex-Government stores, similar to those fitted in the 30 ft. one-design Sussex Motor Y.C. class that came into existence last year. The cabin has two 6 ft. berths and two sideboards, and together with the galley, is aft of the engine-room. Its owner is credited with the intention of racing this new cruiser in the London to Cowes race, and, if so, it will be the smallest boat to compete in this event. Primarily its owner intends to use this craft for cruising in the French canals.

Photograph *A. Hardin*

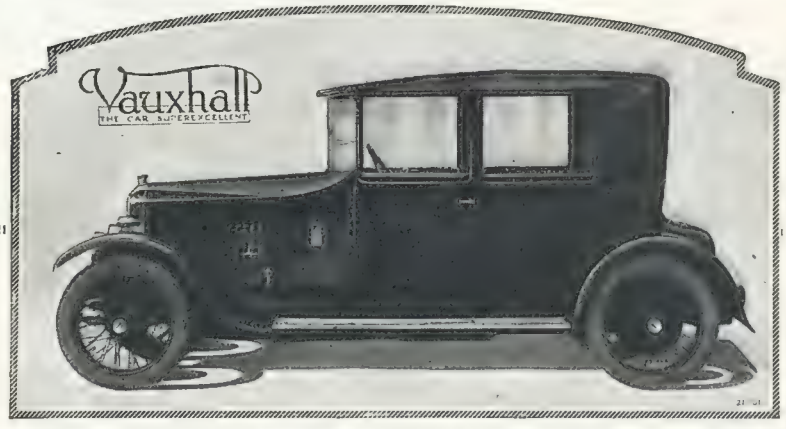
A GALLANT AIRMAN

Flight-Lieut. R. C. Jenkins, M.B.E., M.C., R.A.F., who was killed while instructing at South Farnborough on February 8, aged 26. He rendered distinguished service during the War, being severely wounded in the early months. The funeral took place at Shrewsbury

* *
*

Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., have received the Royal Warrant of appointment to the King, so that Pall Mall will supply Buckingham Palace with its motor carriages as of yore when Mr. Stratton, as London manager of the Daimler Company, received the Royal commands through the Master of the Horse. By the way, one is apt to forget that now this, the latest firm of motor agents, are representing all the B.S.A. products as well as Daimler cars. A visit to Pall Mall rather is a surprise what a variety of things the B.S.A. manufacture—guns, cycles, parts, and goodness only knows the infinite number of bits and pieces this latter item signifies. In fact, a visit to Stratton-Instone, Ltd., at Pall Mall is well worth while as a sort of instruction school as to where to buy things you never thought you wanted—until you saw them. Old Hy.

It has been stated widely, but erroneously, in Press reports of the Scottish Motor Show that the Buick and Chevrolet cars are of American manufacture. General Motors, Ltd., inform us that these cars are made entirely in Canada, in the factories at Oshawa, which are working at pressure to manufacture cars for the British market.



A Vauxhall all-weathers car—the Arundel cabriolet—the practical design of which has brought it into great popularity

NOTE THESE POINTS

THE hood is as easy to put up or down as a Cape-cart hood; all the joints are hinged and there are no parts to be detached. The two doors at the front and the shape of the front seats enable any of the occupants (there is comfortable room for four people) to get in or out without disturbing the others. The small-section metal pillars of the wind-screen present hardly any obstruction to the driver's view. The interior, though giving ample room, is not too large for conversation to be carried on easily between all the occupants. The front seats are adjustable for leg room. Tools are kept in waterproof wraps in the large and convenient boot at the rear of the car. ¶ As practicable and comfortable as it is elegant, the 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Arundel *medium-sized* cabriolet is the result of particular study of this type of convertible owner-driver's car, and nothing more attractive of its kind is anywhere offered. Prices: with V-front from £1380, with square front from £1350. Three years' chassis guarantee; free inspection service. Ready for delivery. Please write for photographs and full particulars.

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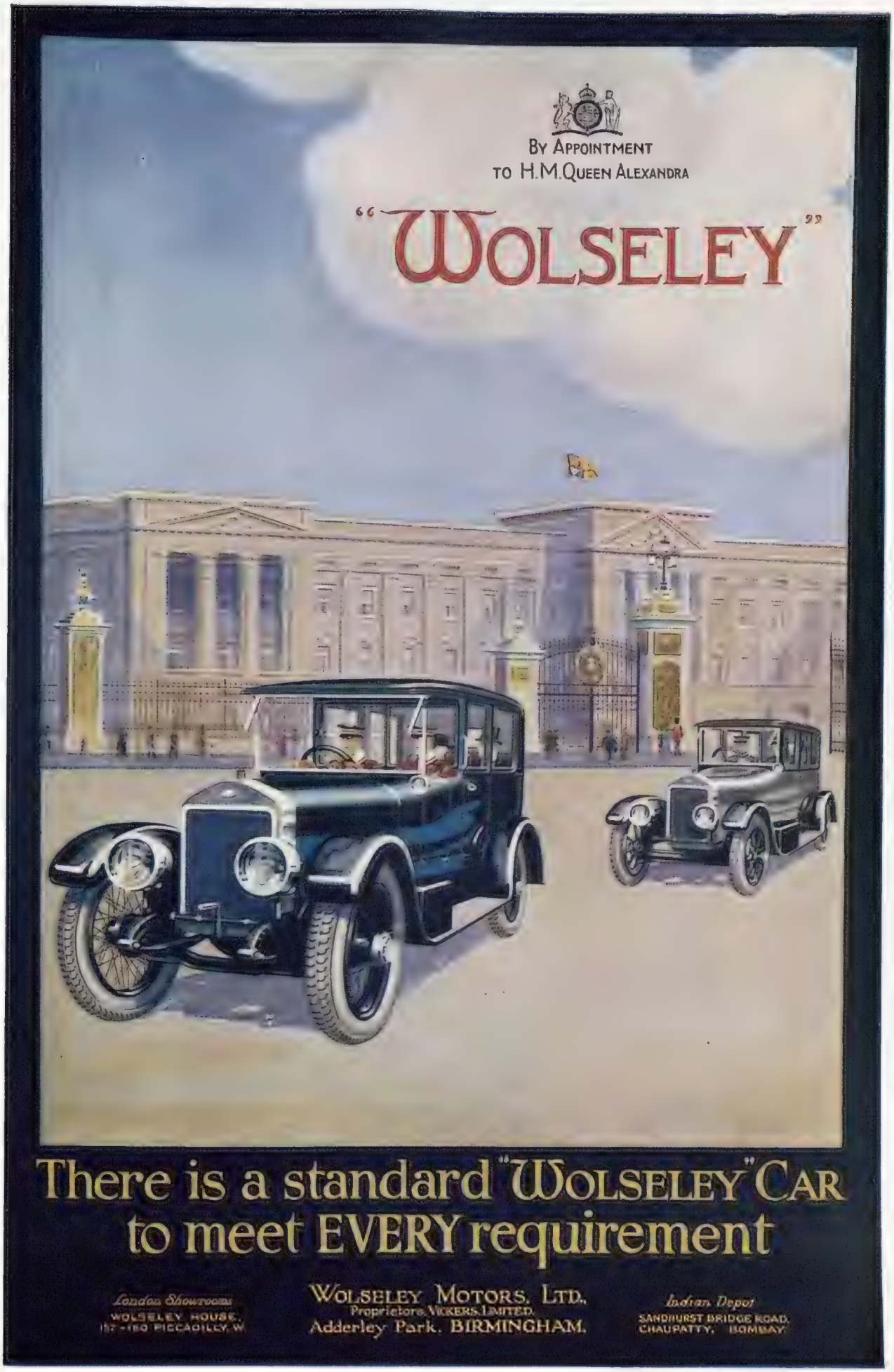
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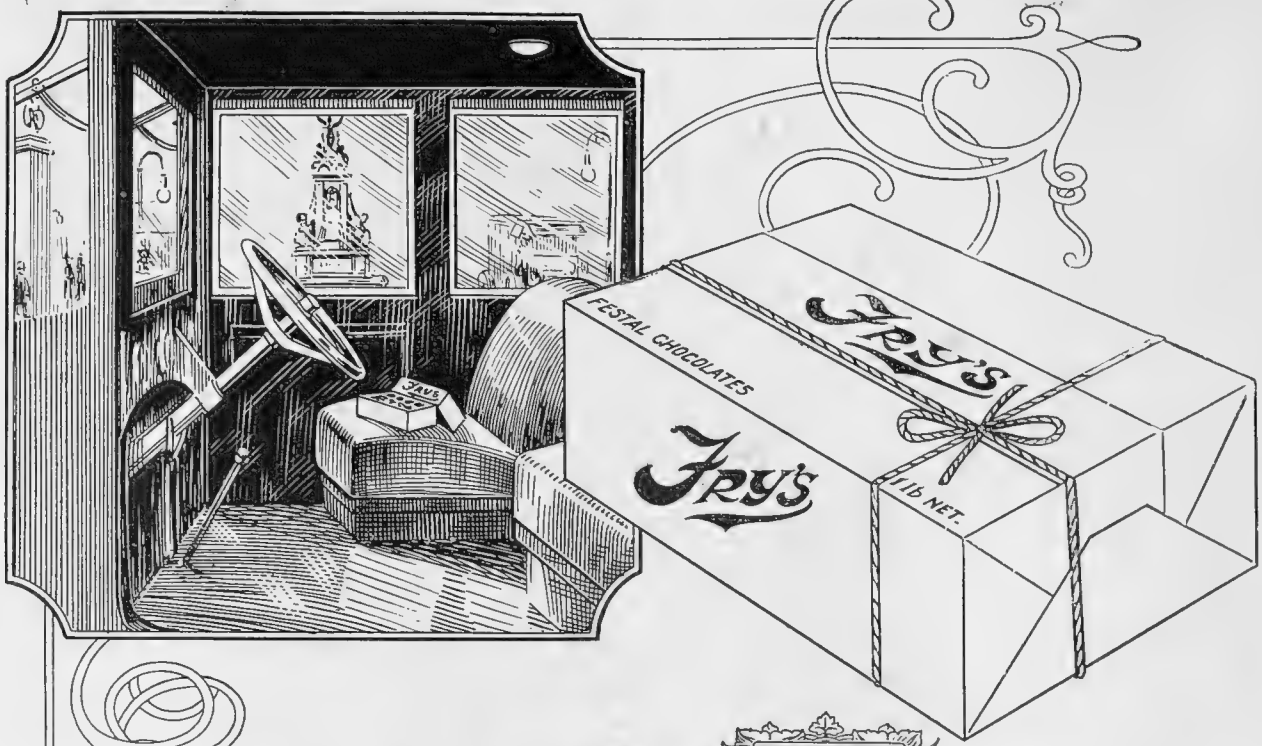

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and the smile will take care of itself

Brush your teeth twice a day with Colgate's and visit your dentist twice a year. Colgate's is safe, sure and delicious.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price **7½d.** and **1/3**

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Send this coupon and your name and address with 1d. stamp to Colgate and Co., as under, and you will receive by return a dainty tube containing 42 inches of Ribbon Dental Cream post free.

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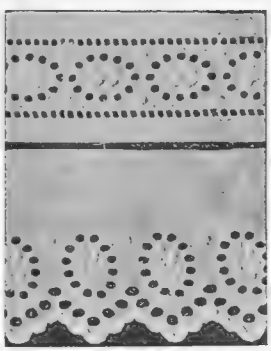

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The Finest and Daintiest Garments. Everything needed for Baby.

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Camiknickers, Night Dresses.

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Underclothing and Baby Garments we send a most unique and interesting

BOOK OF PATTERNS

Finest Embroideries, Laces, and Materials, which will be found useful and instructive. It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials and trimmings.

Specialities:

Real Valenciennes, Flemish, Filet, Belgian, Irish, Honiton, and Antique Laces, Collars, Scarves, Fichus, Handkerchiefs, Linens, Lawns, and Fine Infant's Robe Flouncings.

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SCOTCH TWEEDS

P 18

When your Tailor recommends *genuine* Scotch Tweeds

he is advising you in your own interest. For smart, fashionable appearance and an air of distinction which lasts as long as the clothes themselves, Scotch Tweeds have no rival. Well cut and tailored they are always worth their price: and the range of prices is wide.

Your tailor's recommendation is moreover backed by a Government guarantee of purity and origin. *Genuine*

Scotch Tweeds

TRADE MARK
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
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ESTABLISHED 25

bear this Board of Trade Mark

By official Regulations it can only be applied to cloth

made in Scotland of Pure, New Wool

Designs and colourings of traditional Scottish character and material of traditional Scottish goodness have given *genuine* Scotch Tweeds their fashionable reputation.

Issued by The Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association, Ltd., 27 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh

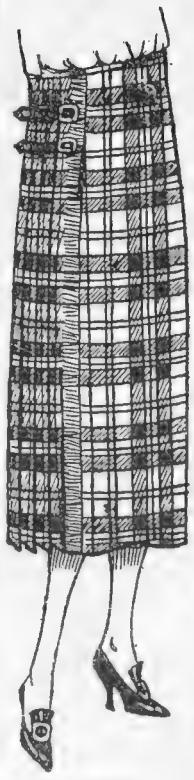
TAILORED SKIRTS

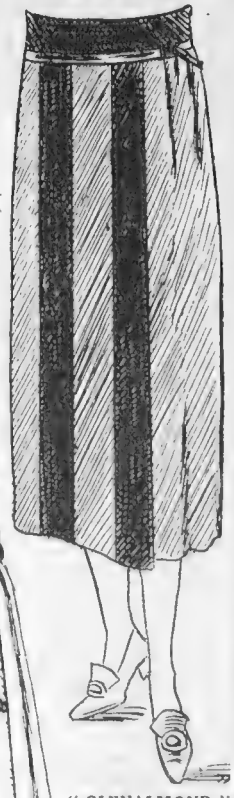
in

Real Harris, Highland Homespuns and Clan Tartans.

McDONALDS' famous Scotch Tailored Sports Skirts are essentially different from all others — novel Materials in smart Sporting effects, style originality, unusual line and perfect balance, and superbly tailored.

A "McDONALD" Skirt is to be found in the best Society circles everywhere.





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Man-Tailored Skirt in a large variety of leading Clan Tartans. This Skirt is adaptable for Sports or general wear, and is an exact copy of the Officer's Kilt, as sketched in McPherson Tartan.

Also in Princess Mary Tartan.

6 Gns.

"GLENALMOND"

New Sports Skirts in Fawn Saxony with woven stripe of Nigger Brown. Skirts give extra fulness by the loose panel at front, finished at top Patent Belt to tone. Also suitable for Harris and Homespun.

£4 10 0

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This unusual and attractive Skirt can be procured in any shade of Gabardine. Sketched in Fawn Gabardine with insertion at top of Jade Duvetyn, finished swathed Belt.

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Booklet of New Designs on request. Measure Forms and patterns on approval.

EVERYTHING IN CLAN TARTANS.

Sports Hose to correspond with Skirts and typical Brogue Shoes in all sizes.

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YOU would never know — unless you were told—that

Treasure Pearls

were not the finest pearls of the Orient. In one respect alone they differ—PRICE.

FROM 5 GUINEAS
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Each Treasure Pearl Necklet is sold on the distinct understanding that should the purchaser not be satisfied, money will be refunded in full, if the necklet is returned within ten days.

Everyone should read that interesting and instructive Brochure—"Pearls and Personal Beauty" Free upon request.

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Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
E. A. POE.

WEDDING BELLS ring out the message of Happiness—the most precious of all human blessings.

Happiness and Health go hand in hand, and it is the privilege of "Ovaltine" to make an important contribution to the sum of human happiness. For this delicious beverage gives and maintains Health.

"Ovaltine" is a concentrated extraction of all the goodness, all the nutriment, all the health-giving properties contained in ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods. It contains all the vitamines essential for the nourishment, protection and health of the body.

Drink "Ovaltine" as your daily beverage—for Health! It gives strength and vitality, restores in fatigue and fortifies the system against colds and more serious ailments

Of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

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Works: King's Langley.

Health and Happiness go hand in hand with "Ovaltine"

WHAT 'THE QUEEN' SAYS ABOUT

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

OF all the articles for which the housewife should be thankful, I put custard powder high on the list. During the war, what *should* we have done without it; and now, when we have to consider time and firing and the price of eggs, what should we do without it? But badly. A tart, a fruit pudding, a dish of stewed fruit, do need a custard to complete them, while a number of delicious cold sweets are mainly made of custard. But—and this is a large but—the custard must be good. For that reason Foster Clark's Cream Custard is deservedly popular, for *its special creaminess is noticeable.* Made in Kent, the Garden of England, under hygienic conditions, it is sold in family tins, family packets, and also in small packets, a boon to small households.

—*'The Queen,' October 22nd, 1921.*

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD

LADIES ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE

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All kinds of NURSES' UNIFORMS, CAPS, APRONS, BONNETS, DRESSES, etc., also SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS and APPLIANCES.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

INVALID CHAIRS and CARRIAGES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, in which Spinal Carriages are shown, post free.

Free delivery within a radius of 10 miles by our own Motors.

Strong Wicker Chair, mounted on best steel strap Cee Springs, Bicycle Wheels, Cushion Tyres, Steering Handle.

Small £7 5 0
Medium £8 10 0
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Also without Steering Handle.
Small £4 10 0 Medium £5 10 0

Combined Maternity and Abdominal Belt.
Price, post free, **10/6**

The Belt is woven so as to fit perfectly **under the abdomen,** and so gives the necessary support. There are no facings, bones or buckles. Easily adjusted to every figure as necessity arises. Washable. Weight only 4 oz. An ideal belt for use after abdominal operations and during pregnancy.

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Government and Hospital Contractors,
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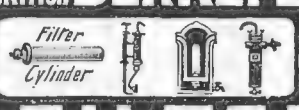
THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER



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SEWAGE DISPOSAL FOR COUNTRY HOUSES, FACTORIES, FARMS, Etc.
No emptying of cesspools; no solids; no open filter beds; everything underground and automatic; a perfect fertilizer obtainable.
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If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds.* Buy a tin today at your chemists.
4s. 3d. a tin

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DURING ITS FORTY YEARS WORK
THE
CHURCH ARMY
has enjoyed the warm support of
OUR KINGS AND QUEENS
and practically every member of
THE ROYAL HOUSE,
because it works for the temporal and spiritual
GOOD OF THE PEOPLE
without distinction of creed or character.

The field of effort is unbounded; want of means hampers existing activities and extension. Please send your Gifts on a Royal Scale to commemorate the Bridal of our Princess.

Cheques crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

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It is a most necessary book for every man and woman of mature age, and should be read very carefully by those about to be married. It will save much misunderstanding and promote very considerable happiness. The price includes a copy of "Health and Efficiency," the only journal in the English language with an advanced programme for Personal and Social Health, Purity and Physical Culture.

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Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge for

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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

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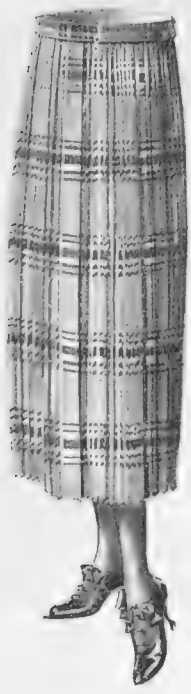

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ALL WOOL HOPSACK SMART PLEATED SKIRT, NEATLY ARRANGED PLEATS. NINE SMALL AND ONE BOX. SUITABLE FOR ALL OCCASIONS AND WEARS SPLENDIDLY. IN THE FOLLOWING CHECKS, GREY/BLUE, GREY/RED, GREY/GREEN, GREY/CANARY.

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SPECIAL PRICE

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

By Appointment
To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

"SANS SOUCI"
(*Regd.*)

These charming hats have quite a character of distinction.
They are made of finest fur felt and can be adapted to any shape, and will roll up quite flat for travelling. Stocked in Navy, Champagne, Lemon, Egg Blue, Cherry, Mauve, Rose, Jade, Myrtle, Light Green, Grey, Tabac. Castor, Carbon, Gold, Rust, Royal, Cerise, White, and Black.

Price **29/6**

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

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The name of our nearest Provincial Agent can be had upon application.

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We have pleasure in announcing that, owing to a fall in the cost of materials, we are able to effect a reduction in the price of **"LAND & WATER" Wrist Watches** celebrated all over the world for their trustworthy service under all conditions of climate and hard usage. In great demand by the services—Naval, Military and Air—and by men and women in all spheres. Fitted with patent dust and damp-proof case, micrometer regulator, luminous dial and perfectly adjusted mechanism.

GENTS'

Silver	£7 0 0
9-ct. gold screw case	£13 10 0
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LADIES'

Silver	£7 0 0	Extra small 18-ct. snap case on expanding band	£20 0 0
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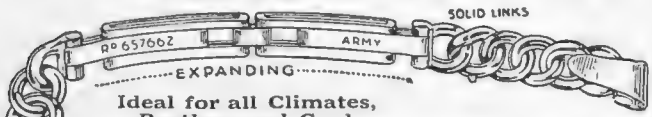
18-ct. " "	£17 10 0		

THE "ARMY" EXPANDING WRISTLET



Ideal for all Climates, Rustless and Cool.

Solid silver with gold springs—the most comfortable and strongly made of all wristlets—never gets out of order—allows full freedom to the movement of the wrist.

Willingly sent on approval on receipt of remittance. Gents' £1 5 0
Smaller size for Ladies £1 1 0
In 9-ct. gold, Gents' £5 10 0
" " Ladies' £4 10 0
Also in 15-ct. and 18-ct. gold to order.

Mention exact size of wrist and width of watch from shackle to shackle, and wristlet to fit you will be sent by return.

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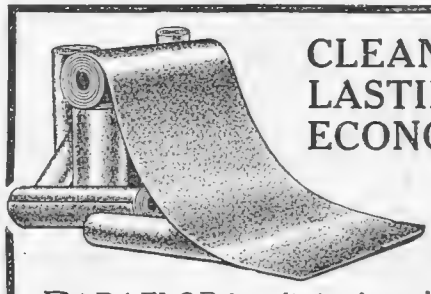
West End Branch (late John Barwise): 20 Duke St. Piccadilly, London, S.W.1

Send for full particulars of other Watches, "Land and Water" Alarm Clocks, Jewellery, Rings, Silver-plated Goods, Ladies' Handbags, etc.



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PARAFLOR is a distinctive rubber carpeting eminently suitable for Private Houses, Offices, or Public Rendezvous. It possesses the pleasing characteristic of carpet with the cleanliness of the polished floor, l u with a secure foothold.

It is made in several colours—is easily cleaned by washing—it can be polished—is reversible and wears the same colour throughout. It is hygienic and by reason of its durability is the most economical of floor coverings.

PARAFLOR REG.

RUBBER CARPETING

48 ins. wide **12/6** sq. yard.

Obtainable from Leading Furnishers.

Sole Manufacturers

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd.

EDINBURGH ——— LONDON AND BRANCHES

Crossley

of Gas Engine Fame

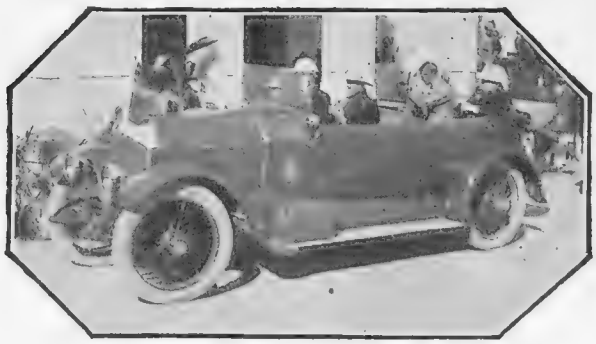

Photo: Central News.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

leaving the Courts of Justice, Allahabad, in the Crossley car he is using throughout his Indian Tour.

THE illustration above shows His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales in one of the twelve Crossley cars which are the only official cars used by H.R.H. and staff during the Great Indian Tour. The selection of Crossley cars for this tour is not only a signal honour for the manufacturers, but is also an indication of the high esteem in which these cars are held.

You are invited to apply for full details of the two Crossley models, the 19·6 h.p. Crossley or the 20/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model. They are the finest motor car value in the world.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER.
London Office and Export Dept. - 40-41, Conduit Street, W.1

24/60 6 cyl. SUNBEAM TOURING CAR near Windsor Castle.

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

"The most improved cars of 1922."

This is the considered judgment of those who have tried the present type 16/40 h.p. and 24/60 h.p.

SUNBEAM CARS

This improvement is largely due to the entirely new OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES with which these cars are now fitted.

The engine of the new 14 h.p. Sunbeam is very similar, and the range of three 1922 models evinces exceptional progress upon individual lines.

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SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES, 100-1000 h.p.

The CLASSIC CALCOTT

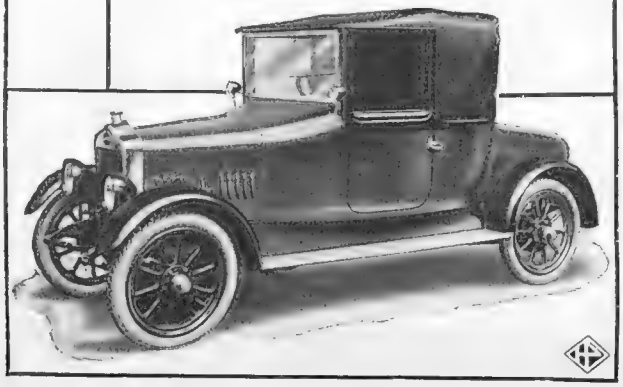
¶ **The 11.9 CALCOTT Coupé** is a luxurious car of ample proportions, combining the advantages of the open touring car with those of the closed town carriage. The fine coachwork equals the excellency of the chassis, and will satisfy the most exacting of critics.

Price £595

representing the best value in its class.

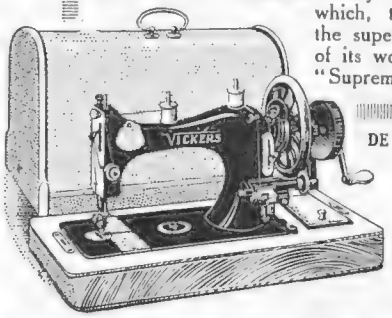
All CALCOTT Cars are fitted with Dunlop Tyres.

Illustrated particulars from
CALCOTT BROS., LTD., COVENTRY.
Established 1885.



VICKERS' Entirely British SEWING MACHINES.

The design of the VICKERS' SEWING MACHINE embodies many new features which, together with the superlative quality of its work, renders it "Supreme" in its class.



DE LUXE Hand Sewing Machine
£6 : 6 : 0

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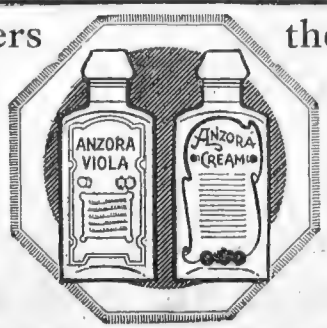
Masters the Hair

Anzora Viola for dry scalps and Anzora Cream for greasy scalps.



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The Leading Ladies' Hairdresser

(30 Private Salons)

Speciality

"ULTIMA"

THE FASCINATING TRANSFORMATION

OTHER DEPTS. FOR

Attendance
Permanent-Waving
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EMILE LTD., LONDON & PARIS.

GERBERA

Brings the true fragrance of a Summer Garden to your toilet table.

Perfume - 8/- per bottle
Powder - 3/11 per box
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Of all Perfumers, Drapers and Stores.

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Famous Briars by

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Bruyère Antique

Smooth finish "Century Old Briar" 10/6 & 12/6.

Ye Olde Briar

First quality. 5/6 & 6/6.

Of most Tobacconists throughout the World. Trade enquiries to—

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Est. 1899.

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DESIGNS SPECIALLY SKETCHED AND ESTIMATES GIVEN ON REQUEST.

CHARMING WEDDING GROUP.

Skirts of soft Pink Charmeuse veiled in Cream Shadow Lace. Tunic Bodices of Pastel Blue Charmeuse with Lace Frills at Neck.

Pages' Suits in Blue Charmeuse to match.

"I was grey"

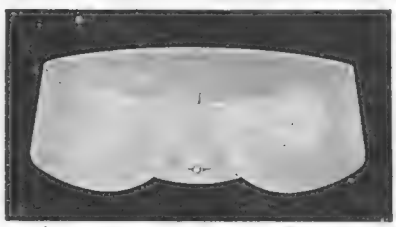
Demonstrations in London are attracting great scientific and public attention. A Paris physician-scientist (a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty) has discovered a simple method of restoring the lost colour inside each and every grey hair upon the head.

Among the many who have had their hair restored by the "Inecto" process is a well-known Royal Princess who writes: "'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction." Every high-class hairdresser in Europe has given up all other methods in favour of "Inecto-Rapid." By means of a special test it can be used even on sensitive skins.

BYSTANDER readers are invited to call at the London Salons and see living proof of the truly wonderful "Inecto-Rapid" triumph over greyness. Readers at a distance should write for illustrated booklet, explaining how this valuable process and test can be carried out in the privacy of one's own home or room. Ask for booklet No. 47, enclose 2d. in stamps to cover return postage, etc., and state if for lady or gentleman. Write at once to Demonstration Salons, Dept B.S., 15, North Audley Street, London, W. 1.

INECTO RAPID

LINEN FACED COLLARS



All our collars are FACED WITH PURE IRISH LINEN, thus assuring long service and retention of snow-white appearance, even after repeated washings. Cut by experts, and fit with perfect comfort, and moderate in price. Write for illustrated Collar Catalogue No. 44T, sent post free.

Our large range includes the latest shapes as well as all the ever-popular shapes. Illustrated is Shape "Box" 1¾ and 2 ins. deep.

CASTLE Quality, faced with pure Irish linen, Each *1/3*

ROYAL Quality, faced with superfine Irish linen, Each *1/6*

Collars made to order, any shape or size. Not less than one dozen. Extra cost 2.6 dozen.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

Linen Manufacturers BELFAST

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By Post

REDUCED PRICES

Owing to the increased price of all fabrics, **DRY CLEANING** is now a necessary economy. Our process is unexcelled, and the prices are:—

BLOUSES.. .. 2s.
DRESSES.. .. 6s.
COSTUMES .. 6s. 6d.
GENTS.' SUITS, 6s. 6d.

Parcels returned very quickly.

Postage paid one way.

BRAND & MOLLISON, LTD.,
City of Glasgow Dyeworks,
MARYHILL, GLASGOW.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Very becoming to the blonde, this dress in Mary Blue—to the brunette, in dainty brown—to dark and fair alike, in black with silver relief.

"*MARIANNE*"

Afternoon or Walking Gown of Black Cashmere de soie, cut on long, becoming lines. Antique silver galon inserted at sleeves, bodice and skirt. Jet studs at waist and cuffs. Also in Brown/Yellow, Mary Blue/Silver. Price **7½ Gns**

Cannot be sent on approval.

GOOCHS Ltd

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Aquascutum RUFFORD Coat

The Aquascutum Registered Coat

By Appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

THE AQUASCUTUM COAT is an aggressive foe to wet and chill . . . a constant companion in comfort and healthfulness . . . and a help-meet to good appearance.

Pure New Wool Weatherproof & Self-Ventilating

Quality Renowned since 1851.

Mention of *Bystander* will bring Catalogue and Patterns by return.

Agents in principal towns —names on request.

AQUASCUTUM Ltd.
100 REGENT STREET, LONDON.

DISTINCTIVE MILLINERY FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

CHARMING MID-SEASON HAT (as sketch) of good quality satin, trimmed new shaped wing of self colour. In Black, Nigger, and Navy.

PRICE 6½ Gns.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)

WIGMORE STREET (CAVENDISH SQUARE), LONDON, W. 1

PETER ROBINSON'S

Early Spring MILLINERY

An attractive "pull-on" hat made in ribbon, underlined Georgette. **55/-**

A pretty Georgette Hat and Veil complete, becomingly trimmed with band of flowers. In Navy, Nigger, Mole and Grey. **5 Gns.**

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Whose marriage was expected to be the season's most thrilling event stood—an inspiring figure, in her regal and impressive wedding dress—to receive her guests. But neither gown nor jewels caused the entire assembly to gaze with unrestrained admiration, to exclaim aloud—it was her fresh, vibrant beauty—her wondrously warm-tinted velvetiness of complexion. Only those in her confidence knew that during the busy months of trousseau hunting, winter sports and gaieties, she had prevented the tired, worn, weather-beaten appearance that takes away youthfully attractive looks, by her intelligent use of

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The famous Beauty Specialist, Mme. Helena Rubinstein, is well known all over the civilised world as the originator of the Valaze Preparations. The aim of these beautifying mediums is not only to meet the individual needs of differing types of skin, but to make simple, daily acts, such as cleansing, a means of improving and preserving the complexion.

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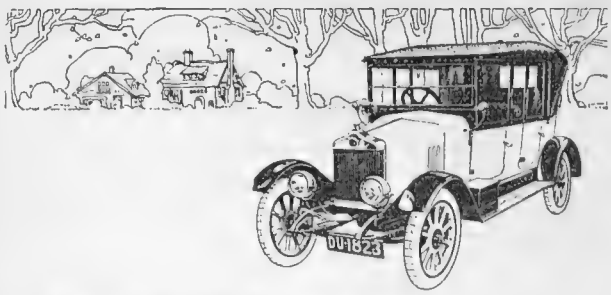

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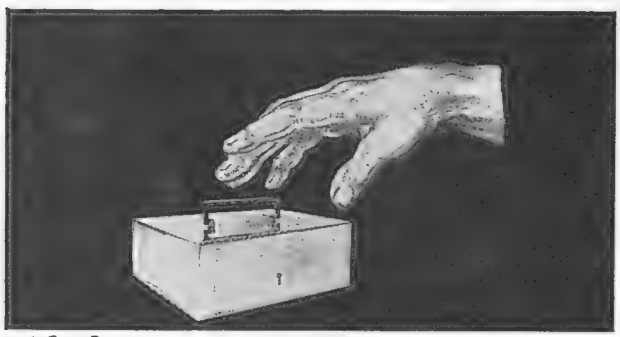

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FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Wedding Bells

THESE will still be ringing in our ears when this issue appears, and the Royal function, that has been the chief topic of conversation during the past few weeks, will be found fully discussed elsewhere in the paper.

As to Princess Mary's *trousseau*, practically all that can be said on the subject has been said, not once, but many times. Interesting as this *trousseau* has been to the whole world of dress-loving women, the impression that has stood out crystal clear through the most flowery descriptions is of a quiet, dignified simplicity.

Beautiful materials, handled with the most consummate skill and restrained good taste, have characterised all the gowns, whether for day or evening, coats and skirts, and wraps.

The furs, however, as all furs should be, are of a sumptuousness befitting the status of the Royal bride, and the firm responsible for these, Revillon Frères, Regent Street and Paris, are to be heartily congratulated on their efforts. Only pastmasters in the peltry art could have invested a travelling coat of moleskins with such particular *cachet* as have Revillon Frères, while the evening *manteau* supplied by this house of sapphire-blue velvet closely spotted over with gold, lined pale pink *charmeuse*, and completed by collar and cuffs of natural blue fox is a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of elegance.

Some of the Millinery Included in the Trousseau

A PARTICULARLY representative and charming array of hats emanated from the exclusive *salons* of Millicent, 52a, Conduit Street, W., and two of these models we have been privileged to illustrate. Both, as will be seen on page xvi, are small shapes and very characteristic of the Princess, the more dressy of the twain boasting a black satin crown with under-brim of plaited blue ribbon.

Several of the models are entirely composed of ribbon, notably a brown creation, through which a narrow glinting line of gold runs, a *chapeau* arranged with an upturned brim gracefully undulating and pierced by a slim, tortoiseshell pin. On a clear lace hat a novel decorative touch is applied in tiny painted oyster shells. Millicent also has an exceedingly pretty taste in sports headgear, the example depicted being carried out in dull jade-green suède cloth, the *cloche* brim outlined with the sweetest cockle-shell ribbon trimming in tone.

To the Royal Irish Industries' Association, 96, New Bond Street, the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, Messrs. Harrods, Brompton Road, and Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have been entrusted the more *intime* garments, together with many little dress accessories.

AN ALLURING MODEL

Original design for a three-piece suit of sand-coloured kasha, rather Chinese in suggestion, both skirt and coat embroidered in red and black. It is completed by a loose blouse of oyster white crepe jersey, and a chic hat of white rough felt, trimmed with a natural coq feather

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Three-Piece Suits of Remarkable Distinction

SOMETHING resembling a small crusade is being set up in favour of the three-piece suit, the upper-part of the gown very frequently in a contrasting colour and material to the coat and skirt. There is the case, for example, of a tomato-red kasha, the skirt mounted on to a long, slightly pouching corsage of grey crepe jersey, the latter picked up in a binding to the coat of grey corded ribbon. Or, again, of much originality is a navy blue skirt allied to a dull orange crepe de Chine upper part, and completed by a short loose coat of the blue, piped orange.

Illustrated is an alluring model of pale sand coloured kasha, the coat and skirt ornamented with a Chinese design of embroidery in red silk and round black silk braid. So popular already is the many coloured striped skirt, surmounted by a self-coloured coat, almost one is beginning to wonder whether this vogue will last the spring through. True, the diversities are endless, but there is to be observed an ominous striving after bizarre effects, such as a grey, blue and orange striped *jupe* worn with a coat of orange cloth or *velours de laine*. In the country or on the golf links these *voyant* hues, perhaps, appeal more or less persuasively; unquestionably, however, for Town wear quieter tones are preferable and in better taste, as, for example, henna-brown, the skirt striped pale blue, grey, and black.

A Pleasing Innovation

AND although with this particular class of tailor-made the classic type of semi-fitting coat is usually the more successful many attempts are being made to oust this in favour of a loose, hip-length *sac*, and in one memorable instance a short cape was essayed with slits for the arms. As a matter of fact, this cape was rather a pleasing innovation, the more so as it finished with a high, amusing collar just held loosely together in front by narrow knotted ends.

(Continued on page xvi)

The Lanchester "Forty"

THE supreme achievement of modern automobile engineering is exemplified in the Lanchester "Forty." Its exterior is admirably consonant with the high quality of the engine, whilst the appointments, both for mechanical convenience and personal comfort, are beyond criticism.

The LANCHESTER MOTOR Co. Ltd.
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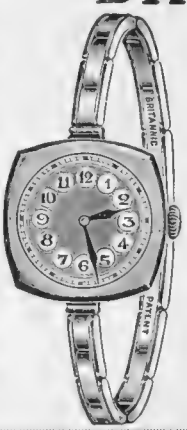
Actual demonstration is the only proof of efficient performance. Will you make an appointment for a trial run?

Catalogues and photographs sent on application.

Sold Under Guarantee

The "BRITANNIC"
Patent Expanding
BRACELET



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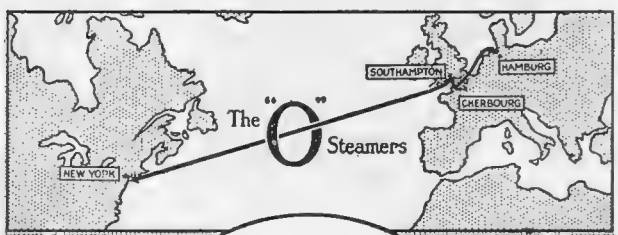
The "Britannic" stands out supreme in its class, being the Queen of Watch Bracelets. It marks the highest form of production known in the Goldsmith's craft. This is why the "Britannic" Bracelet has achieved a phenomenal success and world-wide reputation. The beauty of the finish, and the absolute reliability and elasticity of the gold springs are everywhere acclaimed unsurpassed. See the range of patterns and widths at any high-class jewellers, and test for yourself.



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Some New Condor Hats

Photographs *Dorothy Wilding*

THE VOGUE OF SIMPLICITY

These five Condor hats are distinctive for their simple charm, and express those becoming features which are characteristic of this season's models. The two picture hats are especially attractive, while the striped silk model would be eminently suitable for wear both in the country and in town. The lady is Miss Georgia Drayson, the famous stage story-teller

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

Après-Midi Frocks

THE choice in materials for these all tend to softness, and preferably silk. Crepe Marocain, crepe de Chine, satin *beauté*—made up the wrong side out to secure the approved dull texture—crepe jersey—an exceptionally lovely fabric—and jersine, that closely resembles Marocain, for, despite many new names, there is very little that is really novel in silks, so far as one can see at present, the general impression conveyed being of a dull surface.

The *ciré* craze is dying, and not a moment too soon where lace is concerned. Waxed lace was a veritable anachronism, and the delicate filmy qualities now being pushed to the fore are infinitely more artistic and pleasing in appearance. Evening gowns of this kind of *dentelle* promise to be as much worn as ever.

Afternoon gowns, also of two materials, are figuring in the early spring displays. A navy blue kasha and black satin effected a striking model, the skirt arranged in horizontal lines and the kasha fashioning a long cross-over corsage, out of which emerged wide sleeves of black georgette embroidered with an all-over design of tiny gold beads and crystals, a *broderie* that reached almost to the elbow. Another more ambitious and ephemeral scheme is of white cloth and black Marocain, the *jupe* slimly draped and slit up at the sides to show a simulated underskirt of the Marocain, the bodice similarly slit to reveal an under of the black that resolved into sleeves that, commencing very wide at the top, gradually tapered down to fit the wrist quite closely, subsequently falling over the head. The silhouette of this creation throughout was most original.

IN THE ROYAL TROUSSEAU

The more chic model is carried out in black satin with wide brim of plaited blue ribbon. The other is a charming sports hat of jade-green suede cloth, the brim being edged ribbon

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

A Noted Beauty Oil

THE treacherous havoc played with skins and complexions by the cold winds of spring is well known, and only special care and attention will avert the disfiguring elements of roughness and redness. The main thing is to keep the pores unclogged and the skin taut, and, consequently, in a sufficiently healthy condition to throw off all impure matter.

This desirable state of things is easily achieved by the employment of some preservative such as Ganesh Eastern Oil. This speciality of Mrs. Adair, 92, New Bond Street, W., has many years of test to its credit. It is a secret very closely guarded, and was originally obtained under the Temple of Ganesh—hence the name—the Hindu God of Wisdom, by Mrs. Adair, from a native priest. Nothing produced either before or since in the very least resembles Eastern Oil, which, used insistently and consistently, works wonders

(*Continued on page* xviii)

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CAMI-KNICKERS

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Attractive **CAMI-KNICKER** Step-in-Shape Skirt and Bodice trimmed with fine Bohemian lace and finished with hemstitching. In Lemon, Sky, Black, Apricot, Ivory, Pink, Mauve.

PRICE
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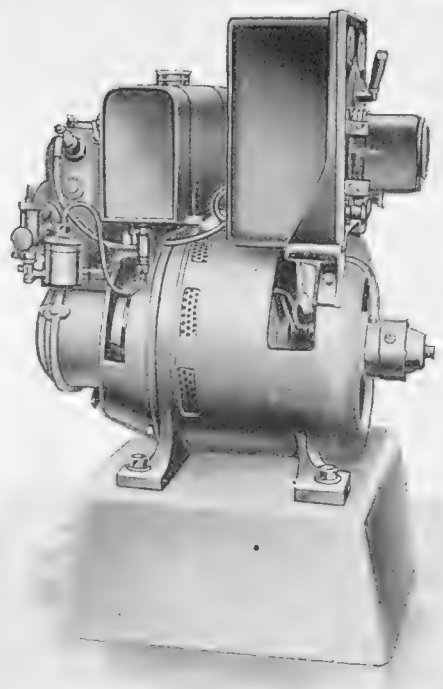

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FASHION FANCIES (continued)

with wasted tissues and relaxed muscles.

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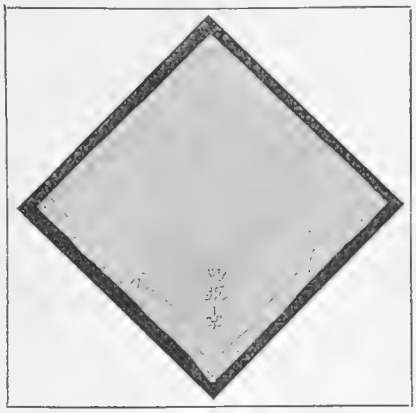
As an exponent of physical culture in all its many forms Mrs. Eleanor Adair stands easily in the front ranks, and she works always on the best scientific methods.

The Waistcoat Habit

THAT the feeling for waistcoats is very much on the increase will be quickly made apparent when the spring season really begins. Pushed back or cut-away fronts are obligingly provided for the display of the *gilet*, the latter effected in weird striped stuffs, vivid self colours in suède, kid, etc. The two last named are held in particularly high esteem by the elect in the world of dress, frequently emphasised by deep cavalier cuffs of the same. The wide choice and variety and styles in *gilets* indicate they are destined to be worn by all and sundry. Those fitted with high collars are safe to make an appeal to older women, while for the possessors of long swan-like throats and the younger fraternity there are models with a V *décolleté* and fronts that cross below the waist.

Cotton furnishing fabrics of rather bizarre patterning and colouring lend themselves especially well to the fashioning of the striking *gilet*. I have in mind a dull orange ground striped with a jig-jag stripe of purple and black. Sounds a bit garish, perhaps, apart from the dark brown coat and skirt it is destined to accompany, but the *ensemble* will be all right. That ribbed black cloth the Parisian is so enamoured of just now for coat-frocks and suits, invites the introduction of some sensational *gilet*, which, as the summer advances, will most probably be replaced by soft, frilly frivolities of muslin.



A PRESENTATION TO THE PRINCESS
A specimen of the handkerchiefs supplied by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Ltd., of "The Linen Hall," Regent Street, W. 1, to Princess Mary. The handkerchief is of fine linen, with a hand-embroidered border, coronet, and initial

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A LARGE onus of the coming successes will rest on materials, and these, whether they be of silk, wool, or cotton, are likely to cost appreciably, as only the very best are to be considered; while the handling is to be characterised by that exceeding simplicity the elect alone know how to achieve, results that on analysis can be mainly traced to clever modelling, individual expression, and the most exquisite finishing touches.

Apropos of materials, one hears of some wonderful new serges interwoven with metal threads and contrasting colours; of a

(*Continued on page xx*)

Good Things to Wear

Good Knitted Sports Suits save your money. You'll pay more for a good one than a poor one, but it will cost you less. The saving is in the service, not in the price.

Be sure the JAEGER NAME is in it.

WHITE JAEGER KNITTED SPORTS SUIT.

Style 39 *(as illustrated)*.

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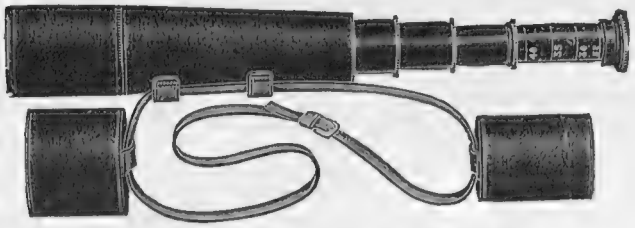

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Trade Mark

"SWAN"

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Wedding Gifts

A Wedding Gift may take an infinite variety of forms, but one of the nicest and most delicate is a gold "Swan" Pen for the bride. Her first official signature will be the register, and after that there are the many letters of thanks. So what really could be nicer than a "Swan"!

Size 2 C Safety, Covered 18-ct rolled gold. *52/6*

Size 2 Self-filling, Covered 18-ct. rolled gold. *55/-*

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Summit shape 45 collars

THERE is a distinctive "dressiness" about Summit Shape 45 and it is different from the ordinary styles of starched collars without being in any sense extreme. The Band is 1¼ ins. in front and the Points are 2¾ ins.

Summit Collars are made in *Quarter Sizes* —four to the inch—from 14 to 18 ins., inclusive, also 13½, 18½ and 19 ins.

There are 26 other Summit Shapes to choose from—among these the exact fit and style for *you*.

1/- each - Six for 6/-

You can get Summit Collars at any Austin Reed shop, or by writing to the Post Order Dept.

29 Nicholl Square, London, E.C. 1

Sample Collar and Illustrated Book, post free, 1/-

Austin Reed Ltd

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21/22 Walbrook, E.C.4 (corner of Cannon St.)

Also at BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, BRISTOL and PRESTON.

122

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

novel black ribbed cloth, especially dedicated to the *chic* tailor-made, of white cloth striped with black, and *vice versâ*. Kasha, that most admirable of woollens, is well in the forefront of favour, together with stuffs that resemble hand-knitting.

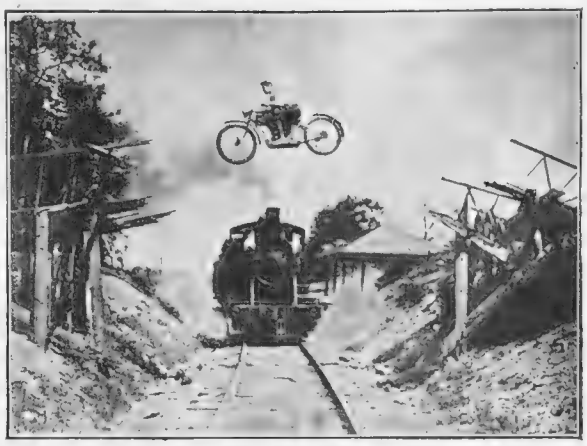
In self-coloured silks there is a general feeling for dullness of texture, exemplified in *marocain*, jersine, and heavy weight georgette. There are others of a crepe-y character, or else finely ribbed after the manner of *faille*. Obviously the intention is to make materials play a rich, important and arresting part in the pending scheme of dress.

The Romance of Perfume

Who among us has not experienced at some time or another some sweet memory recalled by the lilt of a waltz, the refrain of a song, or the subtle whiff of some perfume? Anyone of these may set us dreaming, and in this strenuous workaday world such dreams help toward sweetness of character and demeanour.

Now a real wizard capable of evoking these pleasant memories, or equally transplanting one in imagination to the seductive East, is one Barranger, 34, Buckingham Palace Road, whose perfumes are world renowned. His flower sachets are of the most pure, delicate fragrance imaginable, and include that great favourite Lilas Bleu, a reminiscence of lilac time, while Miguet wafts one into my lady's garden of mignonette backed up by lupins and hollyhocks. Sappho and Chypre are essentially of the East, with their faint sandal-wood suggestion, and one of Barranger's newest creations is Princesse Charmante that is wholly distinctive, and of itself most alluring.

So distinctive, however, are all these perfumes they require to be carried on in vanishing creams and face powders that nothing may mar their exquisite influence. And these, together with the perfumes, are obtainable at any of the large stores, as well as at Buckingham Palace Road, and at prices well within the range of the average purse.



A DARING FEAT

Charles Hutchinson, a well-known "stunt" actor, taking a flying leap over a railway train on a motor cycle to provide a thrill in his latest Pathé cinema serial, "Hurricane Hutch"

A Royal Wedding Gift from Alnwick

Her Royal Highness Princess Mary has been graciously pleased to accept a wedding gift from Messrs. Hardy Bros. (Alnwick), Ltd., consisting of one of their world-famed specialities—a light fishing rod fitted with reel.

A Beauty Magazine

A deal of interest attaches to the new monthly magazine, *Loveliness Through the Letter Box*, published by the celebrated beauty specialist, Mme. Rubinstein, for the benefit of those women who wish to take intelligent care of their looks. For this publication Mme. Rubinstein does not accept payment, but takes pleasure in sending it "with her compliments." Thus, to keep *au courant* with the latest news and views of the beauty world, one need only 'phone or post one's address to the Valaze Salons, 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. 1. 'Phone: Mayfair 4611.

Have YOU solved the RONUK Puzzle yet?

The Puzzle is instructive as well as entertaining, and, whilst its secret is not easy to discover, there is no reason why *you* or anyone else should not quickly find it out. Why not have a try?

RONUK FLOOR POLISH

GREAT PUZZLE COMPETITION

1,000 PRIZES TOTAL VALUE £500

Obtain a form at once from your grocer, stores or ironmonger, or send a 2d. stamp to cover postage (do not omit to give your name and address) to:

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N.B.—Envelopes must be plainly marked "COMPETITION" in the top left-hand corner. No correspondence regarding the competition can be entertained in any circumstances whatever.

Competition closes 31st March, 1922.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s, LTD.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10½d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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AND THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES

URGENTLY NEED £25,000

(RECEIVED TO DATE £6,500)

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Why do the Stars of the Stage and Screen Choose Crême Tokalon

No other women have to be so careful of the face cream they use as the beautiful women of the stage and screen. Much of their success depends upon the beauty and charm of their appearance. In their professional life they have to apply thick rouge and other heavy cosmetics several times a day. To offset this constant irritation of the delicate skin texture and to preserve its soft, smooth and unwrinkled appearance it is absolutely necessary to use the best cream obtainable. This is why Creme Tokalon, the Parisian Beauty Creme and Skin Food, is chosen by Professional stars in England, France, and America to protect, nourish and beautify their skins and complexions. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, although 77 years old, has such a marvellous skin and complexion that she can still play girlish parts, and looks most astonishingly youthful in these rôles. In a recent interview she gave unequalled credit for this to Creme Tokalon and Poudre Tokalon. "It gives to the skin an astonishing appearance of youth and an exquisite velvety surface," said Madame Bernhardt. Among other stars who use and highly recommend Creme Tokalon are Ivy Duke, Phyllis Monkman, José Collins, Lee White, Peggy O'Neill, Elsie Janis, Fay Compton, Yvonne Arnaud, Phyllis Dare and Marie Blanche.

PHYLLIS MONKMAN
English Star

SARAH BERNHARDT
French Tragedienne

ELSIE JANIS
American Comedienne

Creme Tokalon is unequalled for nourishing and rejuvenating loose, lifeless, dried-out, sagging or wrinkled skin, also for preventing wrinkles, crowsfeet and other signs of age. The pure buttermilk which it contains puts tone and life into the facial muscles and sunken tissues. We guarantee Creme Tokalon used in accordance with special directions in each package, will make a remarkable improvement in any woman's skin. A printed guarantee to this effect (or money back) goes with every pot. Creme Tokalon can be obtained from all Chemists and Department Stores at 1s. 6d. a pot. Special note for Ladies visiting Paris—You are cordially invited to inspect the recently enlarged Tokalon factory at Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris—the home of Tokalon Beauty Products.

For Beauty's Sake-Crême Tokalon

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY. A liberal sample trial of Creme Tokalon, also of Poudre Tokalon in a range of shades suitable to match any complexion, will be sent free, in plain cover, on receipt of six penny stamps for postage, to TOKALON, LIMITED, (Dept. 44E) 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.

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Royal Letters Patent
Unobtainable Elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.

SEPARATE CATALOGUES are issued for MATERNITY GOWNS, LITTLE ONES' CLOTHES, COTS, etc., also GOWNS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.

Kindly apply for any of interest to you.

This charming Coat-Frock in navy gabardine and beige taffeta has lattice work producing subtle colour effect.
16½ Gns.

A desirable Costume on simple and becoming lines, fastened in beige velour. It may be fastened at the neck.
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Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.
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There is a place in every man's wardrobe for
Two Steeples Reg'd
No 83 SOCKS
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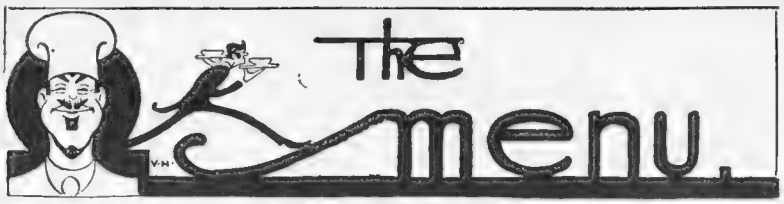


A WEDDING RECEPTION

Foie Gras and Ham Sandwiches
Tartines à la Reine (Chicken Sandwiches)
Anchovy and Egg Sandwiches
Tartines au Howard (Lobster Sandwiches)
Tomato Sandwiches
Grape Fruit à l'Americaine
Pineapple Salad with Champagne
Pastries Brioche Cakes Meringues
Wedding Cake
Champagne Moselle Cup Rhenish Cup
Ices Tea Coffee

Tartines à la Reine

Cut some cold chicken into very thin slices, pour over it a good Béchamel sauce, and make into sandwiches with either white or brown bread.

Anchovy and Egg Sandwiches

Pound some boned anchovies and hard-boiled yolks of eggs with butter. Place between slices of bread and butter, and a good sprinkling of mustard and cress.

Lobster Sandwiches

Pound lobster with some anchovy butter, and make into sandwiches. Shrimps and prawns may be used instead of lobster.

Tomato Sandwiches

Skin the tomatoes, mask with mayonnaise sauce, and make into sandwiches. They can also be varied by being made with sliced tomatoes and grated Parmesan cheese.

Grape Fruit à l'Americaine

Remove all the fruit out of some large grape fruits, being careful not to break through the skins. Place the fruit with its juice in a basin and set it on ice for about three hours. Pour into the basin one tablespoonful of liqueur and castor sugar to taste. Mix well together, and replace the prepared fruit in the skins. Decorate with crystallised cherries, and a very small piece of ice.

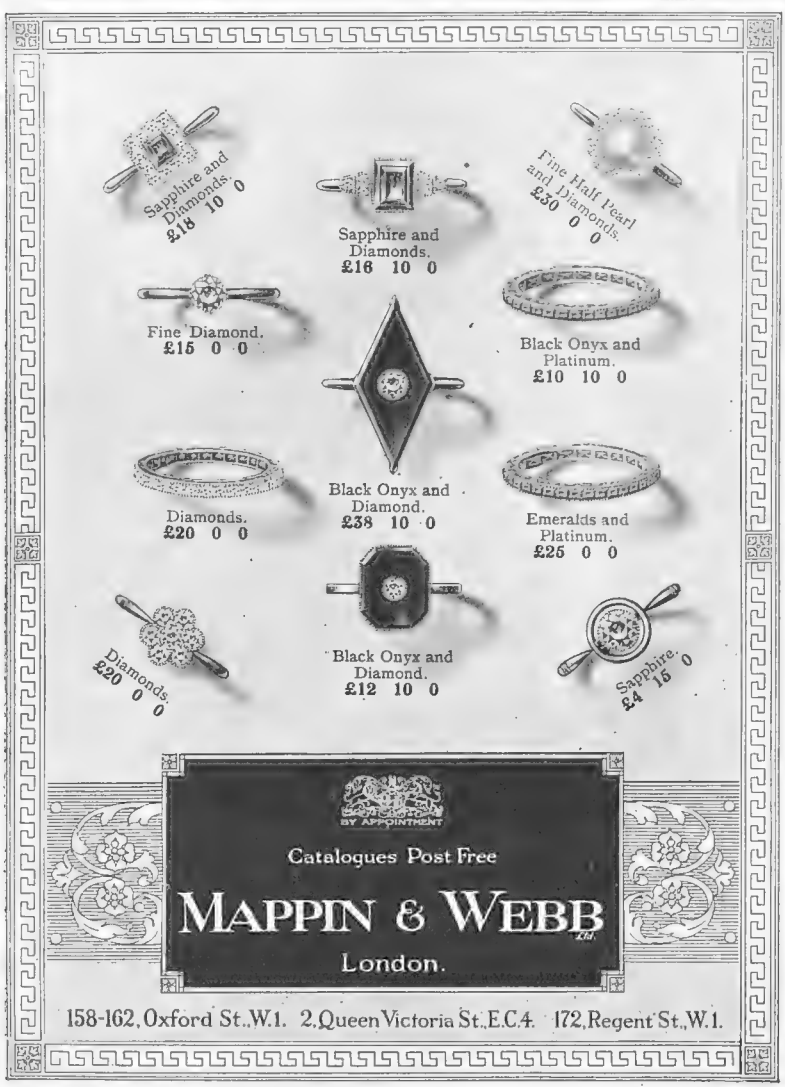
Pineapple Salad with Champagne

Break the pineapple with a fork into small pieces, and put into a bowl with ice. Sprinkle castor sugar over the fruit with a suspicion of maraschino. Just before serving add a wineglass of champagne.

Meringues with Banana Cream

Whisk stiffly three or four whites of eggs, and stir in 4 ozs. of castor sugar. Shape the mixture into meringues with a tablespoon, dust the shapes well with sugar, place on a baking sheet lined with paper, and bake in a cool oven till the meringues are firm and crisp and of a light fawn colour. Press in the bottom of each, and place them on a tray to cool. Whip up a gill of cream. Peel three ripe bananas, rub them through a sieve, sweeten to taste, and add a few drops of vanilla essence, then mix with the whipped cream, and fill the meringue cases. Place each two together, and they are ready to serve.

Emilia



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Under Royal Patronage.

£5 Please.

ONCE again I revert to my old appeal, which is one of the best ways of getting money for the Society, in that it means a comparatively small sum for ten people and £50 to the Society.

Will those who are able kindly promise £5, provided I can get nine others to give the same sum?

I should be glad to receive promises *soon*, please—only the promise of £5 first, provided I can get nine more.

Hon. Sec.,
EDITH SMALLWOOD,
Lancaster House, Malvern.

The Modern Method of Preserving Charm

The use of Day & Night Creams

TO gain a lovelier skin or preserve a skin already lovely, use regularly two creams—Pond's (the Original) Vanishing Cream in the Daytime, and Pond's Cold Cream before retiring to rest. Many famous beauties adopt this method.

Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears into the pores immediately, without massage—an invisible protector against wind and rain, keeping the skin and complexion smooth, soft and alluring. Delightfully scented with the perfume of Jacqueminot Roses.

Pond's Cold Cream guards against the menace of lines and wrinkles—it contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil of the skin—it cleanses the pores thoroughly, and cultivates a complexion free from blemish.

Start using these two creams on your face neck and hands to-day—they will protect you from chapped hands, cracked lips, roughness and redness of the skin.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores, in handsome opal jars, with aluminium screw lids, **1/3** *and* **2/6.** ***NOTE REDUCED PRICES FOR TUBES,*** **7½***d. (handbag size—Vanishing Cream only) and* **1/-** *(reduced from 9d. and 1/3).*

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

You can learn to draw almost as easily as you learnt to write

HASSALL

Copy this sketch or, better still, do an original drawing and send it for a FREE personal criticism.

THE continuous successes of Hassall Students have proved beyond doubt that drawing can only be taught properly when every student receives *personal* and *individual* tuition.

And this is the basis of the Hassall Course. The Hassall Course teaches you to draw as an individual. It develops your originality—stimulates your imagination—guides you over obstacles—saves you years of useless drudgery.

By the time you have finished the Hassall Course you are the master, not the servant, of your pencil and brush. You find yourself able to draw easily—confidently. You have a new delight in life.

Many a Hassall Student who has taken up drawing as a hobby, has turned his talent to practical account—by working for the press and magazines.

It may be that you have it in you to do the same. If so, the Hassall Course can show you the way.

Why not get a frank opinion as to your chances of success? Send an original sketch, or, if you prefer it, a copy of the drawing shown above for a FREE personal criticism. In return you will receive a 48-page, beautifully illustrated book, "The John Hassall Way," and you will be told quite frankly whether it is worth your while to go further. In any case, you are under no obligation whatever to take the course.

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The wonderful **Ganesh Eastern Oil** is the very foundation of Beauty restoration. It supplies the exhausted skin tissues with new life, braces up the relaxed muscles into correct position, makes the skin strong and healthy, removes lines and restores Youthful Contours. This Oil is world-famed for its remarkable properties for restoring the natural beauty of Youth. Every woman who values her appearance cannot afford to be without the Ganesh Oil. In sizes **5/6, 10/6, 21/6** and **30/6** (9d. extra for postage).

Write for free interesting Beauty Booklet.

Consultations by appointment.

Under Royal Patronage.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

The patent Ganesh Chin Strap restores lost contours and cures lines running from nose to chin; will also keep the mouth closed during sleep and prevent the habit of snoring. **21/6 & 25/6**

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Illustrated Booklet about "Permanent Waving" sent post free on request.

Her Friend Admires Her Wavy Hair

"How beautifully wavy your hair is! Whatever have you been doing to it?"

"It's a secret! I've just had it permanently waved by the 'Stewart' method, and am pardonably proud of the result."

"But doesn't the wave come out with shampooing?"

"Not a bit! In fact every time it is washed, the wave is prettier than before; while rain, mist, sea air and even sea-bathing have no adverse effects."

"How wonderful! And is the treatment not harmful to the hair in any way?"

"On the contrary, it is positively beneficial to growth, lustre and colour. You really ought to have yours done, too!"

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In Tins of 50—**2s. 11d.**
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has a style, strength and durability, which you will not find elsewhere. It is made to last, and will not go out of shape, because it is built upon strong wood and cane frames, and properly woven together without nailed-on strips or plaits which come loose and tear the clothes.

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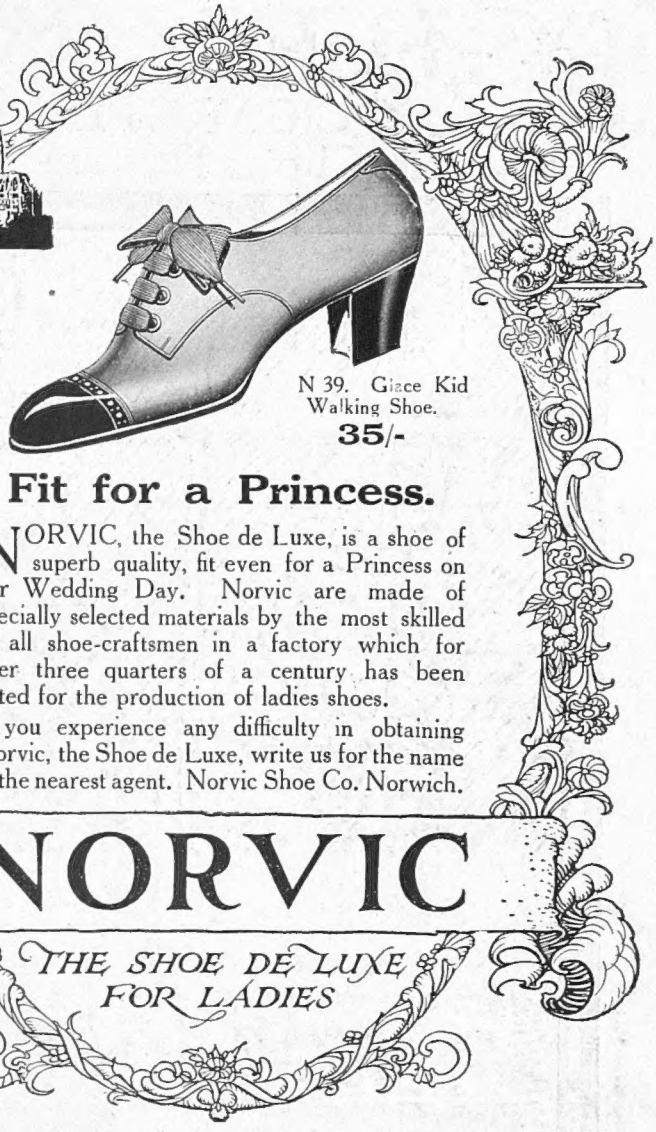

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HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs

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For Cash, Hire System, or Ordinary Hire.

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The *BIG* CIGARETTE with the Choice Flavour

The "GREYS" in Peace time: Here the artist shows us a "GREYS" recruit in 1758—the year before Minden was fought. The largest mirrors within doors did not afford him sufficient scope for self-admiration, though he could view his spanking attire reflected in the shop windows as he strutted along the street.

THE outstanding feature of "GREYS" on sight is their Bigness—their *exceptional Bigness.* The outstanding feature upon smoking them is their choice flavour. This characteristic flavour is largely due to their generous size, for good tobacco always tastes best in the form of a BIG cigarette. There's real satisfaction in these BIG, wholesome cigarettes.

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